The Nation

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Summary of the News

Negotiations with Germany over the Lusitania and the whole question of the use of submarines are once more suspended in mid-air. Whether the situation should accurately be described as "grave" or not, nobody, except perhaps Count Bernstorff, appears to know. The only epithet that can with certainty be applied to it is "muddled." The German announcement that after March 1 armed merchantmen would be regarded as combatant vessels and torpedoed without warning we recorded last week. In the press of the country meanwhile the gravest anxiety was expressed over Secretary Lansing's apparent threat, in the last paragraph of his *modus vivendi* note, to change the attitude of the United States on this important question of international law during the progress of the war. In the middle of last week came the intimation from Washington that such was not the intention of the Administration, and that assurances would be demanded of Germany regarding the character of her submarine warfare in the future. Pending the receipt of these assurances, Secretary Lansing announced, on February 16, that settlement of the Lusitania case would be held up. Count Bernstorff was so informed in a conference at the State Department on February 17.

That there was a considerable amount of confusion in the situation was obvious, and this confusion was only worse confounded by dispatches from Washington, semi-officially inspired, which began to come in at the end of last week, more than hinting at indignation in the State Department over methods of publicity employed by the Teutonic embassies, the grievance being particularly concerned with the publication of statements implying that the Administration was prepared to accept the German view of the question of armed merchantmen. What actually happened in the various informal conferences which Secretary Lansing held with Count Bernstorff and Baron Zwiedinek will perhaps never be known. The theory is, however, advanced, notably by the Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post,* in dispatches on Monday, that the German and Austrian representatives went away from one of these conferences with the definite impression that Mr. Lansing wanted the German announcement, of which he had foreknowledge, issued immediately, in order that it might be used as a lever to press for acceptance of his proposed *modus vivendi.* They, therefore, informed their governments to that effect. The next day, when what they had done became known to Mr. Lansing, he explained that they had misunderstood his words and that what he had said was that, if Germany and Austria really intended to issue the proclamation, the United States would prefer to have the fact officially known before any settlement of the Lusitania matter was effected.

The situation produced by the German proclamation was discussed in the Senate on Friday of last week, Senator Lodge registering his protest against any acquiescence by the United States in the new policy. On Monday a conference on the international situation was held in the White House, at which, besides the President, there were present Senator Kern, Democratic leader of the Senate; Senator Stone, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and Representative Flood, Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. No statement as to the results of the conference was given out.

Secretary Lansing, on Monday, sent a request to the British Foreign Office for prompt replies to the American notes protesting against seizures of mails and against application of the Trading-with-the-Enemy act against American firms and interests.

President Wilson, on February 17, transmitted to the Senate a statement prepared by the State Department in regard to the number of Americans killed in Mexico.

The proposed treaty with Nicaragua, by which the United States, by payment of $3,000,000 in gold, is to acquire perpetual right of way along the San Juan River and the Lake of Nicaragua for a transoceanic canal, was ratified by the Senate on February 18.

The House Committee on Military Affairs on Monday came to an agreement concerning the principal features of the Army Reorganization bill, including provision for a standing army of 135,000 men, the federalization of the National Guard, the doubling of the number of cadets at West Point, the construction of a Government ammunition plant, and the creation of a reserve.

Ex-Senator Root, as temporary chairman of the unofficial Republican State Convention in New York, on February 15, made a forceful speech attacking the policies of the Administration, with special reference to its foreign policy as exemplified in Mexico and in the conduct of negotiations with Germany. One result of Mr. Root's speech has been to bring his name prominently forward as a possible choice for the Republican nomination for President.

The most important military operation recorded in many months was the fall of Erzerum, of which official announcement was made in dispatches from Petrograd of February 16. The fortress was taken by storm by the Russians, and apparently a vast quantity of cannon and stores was captured intact, the defenders not having had time to destroy them. The number of prisoners taken has not, as we write, been officially recorded, but it would seem that the bulk of the Turkish army got away and is now in retreat, more or less disorganized. The Russians, according to recent dispatches, are now in possession of virtually the whole of the Lake Van region. On the west front, the artillery has continued active, and sapping operations have resulted in some progress by the Germans, notably at Ypres, where eight hundred yards of the Allied trenches were reported occupied early last week. One of the minor campaigns of the war was brought to a successful conclusion by the British on February 18, when it was officially reported that the conquest of Kamerun had been completed by the capitulation of the German garrison at Mora. German East Africa, where fighting continues, now remains the only fraction of the German colonial empire not occupied by the Allies.

Announcement was made in dispatches of February 16 that the Allied Powers signatory to the treaty guaranteeing the independence and neutrality of Belgium had signed an agreement declaring that the Belgian Government should be called upon, when the time came, to take part in negotiations for peace, and pledging themselves not to conclude hostilities until the political and economic independence of Belgium had been restored.

Sir Edward Grey's correspondence with the Belgian Minister in London, detailing the causes of the failure of the plan to revive industry to some extent in Belgium, was published on February 20. The cause alleged by Sir Edward Grey is the failure of the German Government to reply to a request for guarantees that raw materials and manufactured goods would not be seized by the armies in occupation of Belgium.

Dispatches from The Hague of February 17 announced that Germany had disavowed and expressed regret for the attack on the Dutch ship Artemis by the commander of a German torpedo boat.

King Constantine and Gen. Sarrail, commander of the Allied forces at Salonica, met at Athens on Monday. The French general received an enthusiastic reception from the Athenian populace, and immediately after the meeting King Constantine gave an interview to the Associated Press, in which he declared that his conversation with Gen. Sarrail was "the first step towards clearing up the differences between Greece and the Entente Powers." Last week King Constantine received an address from officials of the Government complimenting him on the success of his policy in preserving the neutrality of Greece. The address was afterwards the subject of some adverse criticism in the Greek Chamber.

The British Parliament on Monday passed new votes of credit to the amount of $2,100,000,000, bringing the total of appropriations since the outbreak of war to the sum of $10,410,000,000. The present vote of credit, it is estimated, will carry on the war until the end of May. Premier Asquith, in introducing the credit, emphasized the fact that by careful economy the Government had been able to keep the expenditure down below £5,000,000 a day.

The Russian Duma, which was prorogued on September 16 last, reassembled on Tuesday.

The British ship Appam, brought into Newport News as a German prize, was libelled on Saturday of last week by the British owners. The status of the Appam is still under consideration by the State Department.

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The Week

In the extraordinarily muddled situation that has been developed in the matter of the submarine issue, one fact seems at last definitely established—that the United States will adhere to its position of the past in regard to merchantmen equipped with purely defensive armament, and will accordingly not assent to the policy announced by the Teutonic Empires, to be put into effect at the close of this month. Whether anything will happen in the next few days to modify that announcement remains to be seen. If not, all the world will watch intently for any act done in pursuance of it; and if this should take the shape of the sinking, without warning, of an unoffending merchant ship including among its passengers or crew any American citizens, the trouble between this country and the Teutonic Powers will once more come to a head. As for the complaints current in Washington against the Teutonic Ambassadors, it must be said that whatever blame may justly attach to them for any aggravation of the difficulties of the situation, it is clear that our own Administration has not been without fault. The envoys may possibly have gone too far in their interpretation of Mr. Lansing's language, either oral or written; but the concluding paragraph of his *modus-vivendi* note pointed so strongly towards an intention on the part of our Government to change its attitude on the subject of armed merchantmen that it is not surprising it should have been understood as meant to encourage Germany and Austria to take an aggressive position on the subject. However good the underlying motive of the note may have been, it needlessly injected into the situation an element that has proved most embarrassing, and that has made necessary what to Germans and Austrians must seem very like a second change of front.

When Elihu Root takes his time and puts pen to paper, the result is apt to be something notable. As a powerful attack upon the President, his speech at the Republican State Convention in New York leaves the shrillest assaults of Mr. Roosevelt looking cheap. Even one compelled to dissent from much that Mr. Root said, and to criticise his address sharply, cannot refuse the tribute of intellectual exhilaration in reading a speech so consummate in form and so weighty in matter. But Mr. Root appeals to reason. To reason let us go. Is his review of the Wilson Administration, apart from Mexico, apart from the European war, one that can be submitted to reasonable men as anything but the work of a partisan and an advocate? We think not. His statements about the Underwood tariff are hollow. They would not bear the weight of the volume containing the schedules of that tariff, or of a Statistical Abstract reporting the figures of its actual operation. And what about the fairness of a man who has not a word to say about the great achievement of this Democratic Administration, the reform of our banking and currency system? Perhaps the reason Mr. Root kept silent about this was his mortified remembrance of the fact that he made a speech against the banking bill, in which he was just as cocksure and sweeping as he was last week, but in every essential prediction has been proved by time to have been absolutely wrong.

With what Mr. Root says of the flame of indignation which swept through the United States when Germany trampled upon the neutrality of Belgium, though sworn to respect it, we thoroughly agree. No American could have been such a clod as not to be stirred by that gigantic crime. But Mr. Root argues that our Government was under a legal obligation to make an official protest. We were bound to do so, he affirms, under the neutrality convention of 1907 at The Hague. Mr. Roosevelt has asserted the same. He has done it roundly and recklessly. Mr. Root is more cautious. He knows what the neutrality convention is. He knows that Great Britain never became a "party" to it, and that therefore, by its very terms, it was not binding from the moment she became a belligerent. And so Mr. Root seizes the exact instant when the Germans crossed the Belgian frontier, and declares that then every belligerent was a party to the convention. Two or three days later, that would not have been the case. So that Mr. Root's legal argument on this point has very much the air of a wretched quibble. But he also puts the matter on general moral grounds. The President ought to have given official leadership to American sentiment about Belgium. Perhaps he ought, but the assertion comes with poor grace from an orator who had just denied the right of the President to have any "sentiments" about Mexico, and who had said: "There is nothing more dangerous than misplaced sentiment," especially in "the man who had vested in him the Executive power of the United States." Mr. Root can't have it both ways.

Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy is not to be defended by entering into a grim arithmetical comparison between Americans killed in Mexico during three years of the Wilson Administration and three years of a Republican Administration. We cannot say that the difference between an annual loss of 25 American lives and 16 American lives is too slight to take into account. The longer back into the past the sad record extends, the more reason for Mr. Wilson, it may be fairly argued, to have exerted himself to bring the tale to an end. The question is whether, in spite of the mounting total of American victims, Mr. Wilson had not increasing reasons for pursuing the policy of suspended judgment inaugurated by Mr. Taft. These reasons are found in the unexpected fluctuations within Mexico during the last two years. There was a time, after the expulsion of Huerta, when peace seemed likely through the triumph of the Constitutional armies under Villa, Obregon, and Gonzales. This hope failed, but with the unexpected display of force by Carranza in his contest with Villa, the reëstablishment of permanent order once more came into sight. It is nearer now than it ever has been since the downfall of Madero. The heavy task confronting Mr. Wilson was to strike a balance between the sufferings of American citizens in Mexico and the price we should have to pay by intervening with force before Mexico had absolutely demonstrated her incapacity to reestablish order. If one assumes, as Mr. Root did the other day, that our policy has been a failure, then the roster of American slain is a black mark against Mr. Wilson's record. If peace for Mexico is almost a fact, the price will have been justified.

The Law of Necessity, as revealed to Bethmann-Hollweg in August, 1914, has evolved in the course of nineteen months into a Law of Reason. As applied to the problem of armed merchantmen, the new law was expounded on Monday by Foreign Minister von Jagow to the New York *World's* correspondent at Berlin:

> *Cessant rationes legis, cessat ipsa lex,* if the reason for a law ceases to exist, the law itself falls. The principle was laid down ages ago by the early lawmakers, and is one of the most important fundamentals of the Roman system upon which the modern system of jurisprudence is based, and is known to every jurist.

This is true enough, except that it leaves out the rather important detail of who is to decide that the reason for a law has ceased to exist. Whoever it be, whether the power that makes law or the judge that interprets it, one thing is certain: the law cannot be

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abrogated by the plaintiff or defendant after the case is called. The gentleman burglar might argue from a great many books on political economy and sociology that the reason for private property has ceased to exist. The defendant in divorce might describe the family as an obsolete survival. And Bethmann-Hollweg might speak of Belgium as an anachronism in this day of great Powers. This may be so, but it is the jury or judge who decides that, and not the man in the dock.

The dispatch from The Hague stating that Germany has tendered apologies, and offered indemnity, to Holland for the recent torpedoing of the Dutch motor ship Artemis in the North Sea, is worthy of the most serious attention at this time. The German Government, it appears, has satisfied itself that the Artemis was "blameless" and the German submarine commander was mistaken in thinking that she was resisting his order to stop and be inspected. To bring about this state of mind on the part of the gentlemen at Berlin, it was necessary for the Dutch Government to make strong representations, supported by the depositions of witnesses. But dead men tell no tales; what witnesses would there have been to make these depositions if the torpedoed motor ship had gone to the bottom with all hands, instead of having been so fortunate as to make its way to land? Moreover, here was a case of a neutral vessel torpedoed; we may be sure that it would take a good deal more testimony—or something else—to satisfy the German official mind in the case of a merchant ship belonging to an enemy nation. The kind of thing that we should be letting ourselves in for if we gave in to the latest German plan of submarine warfare against merchant shipping can be pretty easily imagined from a contemplation of this Dutch incident, and a remembrance of the first phase of the controversy over the Arabic.

An Associated Press letter from Berlin gives an interesting account of the state of opinion among German economic authorities as to the probable course of economic readjustment after the war. No man is wise enough to make a forecast entitled to implicit confidence on so vast a subject; and the opinions cited present wide differences. Yet the divergences are by no means radical; the character of all the forecasts may be described as one of sober confidence. The tremendous burden that will have to be carried is clearly acknowledged, but the general feeling seems to be that this will not fall with undue weight on the wage-earning classes, since the demand for labor will be so great as to keep the rate of wages high, thus balancing the burden of taxation so far as those classes are concerned. Incidentally, the opinions expressed bear upon the question of the danger of "dumping" with which some think that this country is threatened through the return of the soldiers in the belligerent countries to the ranks of industry. The light thrown upon this subject comes from the fact that, far from anything of this kind being mentioned, the thoughts of all these authorities are turned towards quite an opposite state of things. One statement, from the director of one of the greatest industrial establishments in Germany, is especially worth quoting in illustration of this:

> For approximately a year and a half after the war I expect to see a tremendous boom in electrical and mechanical industries in general. We shall need that much time merely to resupply our own countries with the things that have been used up during the war. We shall not need an order from outside to keep everything going full blast.

A new policy on the part of the Allies is indicated in recent trench fighting. Paris, in commenting, the other day, upon recent German successes in the west, made the statement that the Allies have not thought it worth while to contest very seriously the possession of small sections of trench. This would ordinarily be a lame excuse, but a glance at the number of prisoners mentioned by the Germans does raise the presumption that trenches are not being defended so vigorously as hitherto. Thus on February 11 Berlin reported the gain of a "large section" of French trenches with 52 prisoners. At Vimy, two days before, the Germans took half a mile of trenches with 100 prisoners. Around Ypres a few days later they took another half mile from the British, with "dozens of prisoners." On February 21 Berlin asserted a gain of 350 yards of British trenches with 20 prisoners. Before this the ratio was much higher. Half a mile of trenches won would have meant at least a thousand prisoners. On the other hand, the ratio of machine guns to prisoners is very high. On one occasion the Germans reported 52 prisoners with 22 machine guns. It may be, of course, that the fighting has grown very savage, and that quarter is neither being asked nor given. But the most probable explanation is that the Allies have adopted a policy of conserving their men at the expense of material, or even of ground. The aim would be to reduce attrition as much as possible and save up men for an attack.

Never has a Congressional committee tackled a bigger job than that which is assigned to a joint sub-committee of the Interstate Commerce Committees of Senate and House by the Newlands resolution passed by the Senate last week. It is to investigate not only the efficiency of the existing system of Government regulation of transportation "in protecting the rights of shippers and carriers, and in promoting the public interest," but "also the subject of Government ownership of all public utilities, such as telegraph, telephone, express companies, and railroads engaged in interstate and foreign commerce," and report on "the comparative worth and efficiency of Government regulation and control as compared with Government ownership and operation." The House will doubtless follow the lead of the Senate, which passed the resolution by a vote of 45 to 13. Just how the committee will go about its work is matter for conjecture; the appropriation of $24,000 for expenses looks ludicrous if a serious inquiry is intended. But there is one thing which the small size of that appropriation might profitably suggest. The stupendous volume of matter which investigations of this nature usually turn out is no sign whatever of their value. What is wanted is quality, not quantity. To bring issues to a focus, to enable reasonable and competent men to get hold of the fruitful considerations in the case and not be buried in a mass of crude material, should be the aim. And to do this it is necessary to bring to bear on the task the best brains that the country commands in this department of inquiry.

If the Republicans of the commonwealth see fit to commission us to represent them we shall endeavor to the best of our ability to secure such action by the Convention as shall seem at the time most likely to unify the party and restore the country to Republican control.

This declaration is made by Gov. McCall, Senators Lodge and Weeks, and ex-Senator Crane, in announcing their joint candidacy for delegates-at-large from Massachusetts to the Republican National Convention. Irrespective of the issues which these gentlemen may represent, or of the merits of the contest in which they expect to take part at Chicago, such an announcement brings sharply to view the rationale of a Presidential Convention in which the delegates are charged with duties appropriate to a representative assembly, as contrasted with the kind of thing which a national direct-primary law for Presidential nominations

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would bring about. The application of the direct-primary idea to that purpose involves elements which are either entirely absent, or figure in but an insignificant degree, in State or local politics. Direct primaries would record the separate decisions of the party voters in forty-eight States, each set acting without any opportunity to compare notes with the others, to take into account the possibilities of harmony or discord, or weigh the probabilities of what will happen in the event that their choice does not prevail. A mechanical count based on the aggregate of these decisions is manifestly incapable of being made to answer to the realities of any difficult conjuncture. The present extraordinarily complex and delicate situation is peculiarly fitted to remind us of the seriousness of this objection.

It would have been odd if Mr. George W. Perkins had not improved the chance of the Colonel's absence in Southern waters to issue another eternal declaration of principles accompanied by a near-ultimatum. When the Colonel is around Mr. Perkins gets so little opportunity to save the nation by calling in the reporters. This time it is disappointment at the failure of the late New York State Convention to indicate that "the broad and patriotic thing" will be done by the Republicans at Chicago. But let Mr. Perkins put away his fears. The broad and patriotic thing with which Wilson can be pried loose from the Presidency is in the process of construction. Mr. Root and the Colonel are at work on that patriotic thing from opposite ends towards the middle. At present there is still a little crowding, but in Chicago there will be no fear of jostling between Bull Moose and elephant. All the necessary breadth and patriotism will be forthcoming.

Whatever may be the chances of a decision in favor of the importers, in their action for the recovery of a 5 per cent. rebate on duties paid under the existing tariff law, the mere fact that the possibility exists is sufficient to point a serious lesson. The brief of the importers rests upon the provision of the law for a 5 per cent. rebate of duties on goods imported in American ships. This, it was meant, should discriminate in favor of American shipping as against foreign; but the discrimination was made practically impossible by the proviso that the clause should not be construed as abrogating or impairing any treaty into which we had entered. The importers, however, insist that, discrimination or no discrimination, Congress enacted the rebate so far as American bottoms were concerned; and if treaty obligations require us to treat the ships of any other nation on the same footing as our own, we have got to grant the rebate there also. The Government has not taken this view; and manifestly Congress had no intention to bring about any such result. But the importers' case is not the easiest thing in the world to brush aside. The snarl we were getting into was pointed out while the legislation was pending, and now the Government estimates the amount involved in it up to date at the tidy sum of $26,000,000. The Treasury can hardly help feeling somewhat uncomfortable about the matter until the Supreme Court has spoken; and it is to be hoped that Congress will see in the case a warning of the danger in half-baked schemes passed more for buncombe than for business.

The Senate's attitude towards the water-power bills is not one to inspire confidence in a prompt agreement with the House. But it did reject Senator Walsh's attempt to amend one bill in a manner to make hydro-electric development difficult. The amendment would have authorized the Government, where a private corporation built a dam across a navigable stream for purposes of power, not only to supervise it to see that navigability was not interfered with, but to charge a toll. In cases where the Government is riparian proprietor, manifestly it should charge for the site and the water. Where it is not, it would not only be of doubtful Constitutionality to lay a tax as a concomitant of its power of inspecting dams on navigable streams, but would discourage projects that have often assisted navigation. Senator Shields pointed out that a private company has just built a dam on the Tennessee River which created 35 miles of slack-water navigation without cost to the Government. Senator Shields also summarized the selfish reason for the amendment—"the Senator has said that it would not be fair for the streams in the East, not upon the public lands, to be developed by the riparian owners without charge . . . because the developers of water-power on the public lands would be subject to charges under the Ferris bill."

The majority of Georgians are showing unwillingness to let the State "get its name" from the small minority which countenances or abets lawlessness. A dispatch from Atlanta announces that enforcement of the law will be the chief issue of the gubernatorial campaign this year; that Gov. N. E. Harris, desirous of succeeding himself, "has taken strong ground for the enforcement of all laws and the suppression of mob violence"; and that inasmuch as his opponent, L. G. Hardman, has put his statement of the same determination in weaker terms, if the race remains between him and Harris "the latter is expected to win by a large majority." All this bears out the impression created by papers like the Augusta *Chronicle*, which has declaimed consistently against conditions under which one-third of all the lynchings in the United States last year were perpetrated in Georgia—more than in any sixteen other States in the Union. But the choice of an Attorney-General who will bring pressure upon the State's Attorneys in various sections to perform their entire duty is almost as important as the choice of a Governor. And why should the State not attempt, by publicity, to bring home to the half-dozen counties responsible for the outrages a sense of their position, and to centre public attention upon their officers of the law?

There are few higher authorities on cancer than Dr. Francis C. Wood, Director of Cancer Research at Columbia University. In his article on "Cancer and the Public Health," in the current number of the *American Journal of Public Health*, Dr. Wood says that "it is impossible at the present time to make a definite statement as to any increase" in the prevalence of the disease. "Equally able men," he tells us, "hold that there is a demonstrable increase, and that there is none." The doubt is largely due to the growing perfection of diagnosis, which, year by year, causes a larger proportion of cases of cancer to be recognized as such. "Bashford's investigation of the London hospital records," says Dr. Wood, "showed that autopsies and microscopic examination increased the number of diagnosticated cancer some 30 per cent." The question is important not only from the standpoint of health administration, but as part of the larger question of the general trend of vitality at the middle and higher ages. Among the most emphatic of the warnings that have recently been so frequently uttered concerning an alleged deterioration of American vital conditions have been those based on the supposed alarming increase of cancer, and it is important to note that the existence of any increase at all is still regarded as doubtful by careful investigators.

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THE ARMY AVIATION SCANDAL.

No recent event could better reinforce the *Nation's* contention that building a larger army on the present military foundation will not in itself spell greater "preparedness" than does the scandal in the Army Aviation Corps. No one can read the facts already brought out without being convinced that the corps is rotten with "honest graft" and inefficiency, chiefly because of the attitude of two of its highest officers. That lying, deceit, and misrepresentation of facts were the habitual policy in the corps is proved by the letters which passed between Lieut.-Col. Samuel Reber and Capt. Arthur S. Cowan, of the Signal Corps, in charge of the army aviation school at San Diego. These facts were known in October last, and yet nothing was done to bring the offenders to book, or even officially to inquire into the case, until Senator Robinson denounced the Aviation Corps as "contemptibly inefficient." Then, Gen. Scott, the acting Secretary of War, made haste to order the immediate inquiry which should have been under way months ago. But for Senator Robinson, we should probably have seen Congress voting largely to increase the Aviation Corps, with the same men entrusted with its management who are accused not only of misrepresentation, but of deliberately squandering the lives of valuable officers entrusted to them. Why they were not court-martialled long ago must remain as mysterious as it is discreditable.

The scandal came out in a curiously indirect way—through the trial by court-martial of Lieut.-Col. Lewis E. Goodier, Judge-Advocate, because he had incited some of the young flying officers at San Diego to bring charges against Capt. Cowan. Lieut.-Col. Goodier's own son, Lieut. L. E. Goodier, jr., has twice been severely injured, having had both legs and his skull fractured, his nose cut off, besides other grave injuries; while six officers have been killed in aviation accidents under Capt. Cowan—the charge being that inefficient management and failure to keep the aeroplanes in order were directly responsible for these fatalities. Hence, Lieut.-Col. Goodier became deeply interested in the situation, and while he seems to have violated army regulations, it is characteristic of army topsy-turvydom that he should have been tried, but that to this date Capt. Cowan remains in charge at San Diego, and Col. Reber in Washington. It is a tragic fact that when charges were finally preferred, in April 1915—without avail as yet—against Capt. Cowan, they were signed by Lieut. Taliaferro and Capt. Dodd, "so that in the case of the death of one of us, the other could carry through the case," and that Lieut. Taliaferro fell and perished before the trial of Goodier took place.

That Capt. Cowan is still unmolested by the War Department is the more extraordinary because it has been proved that he drew the extra "flying" pay for twenty-five months, when he never went up in the air alone, save for a few minutes, and was incapable of managing an aeroplane. And this although Congress specified that the extra pay was to go only to officers actually flying! Capt. William L. Patterson was another "honest grafter," in that he was awarded the extra pay when he had never made a flight alone. Lieut.-Col. Reber connived at this fraud, for in January, 1915, he wrote to Capt. Cowan calling his attention to the fact that Capt. Patterson's name never appeared on the weekly flight reports. "I am afraid," he said, "some day some one is going to question us as to why he qualified as an aviator"—in other words, he feared that some one might discover the fraud being perpetrated on the United States. He had previously written: "It is rather embarrassing to me, because Patterson has not spent an hour in the air. Nobody has noticed it yet, and no questions have been asked." Later, when Capt. Cowan's own right to draw the pay was questioned, Lieut.-Col. Reber wrote him: "All you have to do is to sit tight and draw your pay."

Referring to his superior officer, Gen. Scriven, Lieut.-Col. Reber wrote: "Every now and then the Chief indulges in a brainstorm." Gen. Scriven, it appears, promptly turned over to Lieut.-Col. Reber the charges made against Capt. Cowan, which was just what these officers wanted, Reber writing to Cowan: "Scriven has turned the entire case over to me to handle at my own request. I think I am going to get one or two scalps before I get through." Senator Robinson has shown that Lieut.-Col. Reber told Capt. Cowan to place metal plates under the aviators' seats, "not that I think it vitally essential, but in order that we may meet any charge that our machines are not armored." Col. Reber also ordered Capt. Cowan to make false reports to Gen. Scriven and to deceive the Committee of Congress that visited the San Diego school. His letters prove these facts.

Now, the conditions actually revealed here are bad enough. But what is worse is the simple fact that, although these letters were published last October, not a thing was done by the War Department itself to bring these men to book. The case of Goodier is not decided. Lieut.-Col. Reber still has his desk under the nose of the Chief of Staff, and there is so little sentiment of moral indignation in the Army apparently that these two officers, obviously guilty of conduct unbecoming officers and gentlemen, have not even been sent to Coventry. This bears out what many officers contend—that the reform of the service cannot come from within, but must come from without in some such manner as Senator Robinson's course suggests. There is something morally wrong where such abuses and many others exist; so wrong that for Congress to increase the army without curing these defects, on the theory that it is thereby adding to the preparedness of the country, would be deliberately to deceive the public. Preparedness is not brought about that way. Even President Wilson never suggests reform before enlargement. We have no doubt that but for Senator Robinson we should have had the disgusting spectacle of these aviation officers continuing to inform the country just what it needed in the way of aeroplanes, etc., properly to safeguard it—but not how to safeguard it against incompetents or traitors within.

ERZERUM AND BAGDAD.

The fall of Turkey's strongest fortress in Asia Minor is for the Allies the most encouraging event of the land warfare, certainly since the Champagne battle of last September, and possibly since the high-water mark of Russian invasion of Galicia, just about a year ago. The implications for the war as a whole of the Grand Duke's victory at Erzerum are many. It shows Russia's recuperative powers that a successful offensive should be conducted in the Caucasus simultaneously with tremendous assaults against the Austro-Germans on the southwestern front and a vigorous defensive in the direction of Dvinsk and Riga. And because the play of forces in the war is so closely interconnected from the English Channel to the Persian Gulf, a successful stroke at Erzerum is bound to be felt elsewhere. It means a relaxation of Turkish pressure on the Tigris and in Thrace. It means the dissipation of the threat against Egypt. It means a shifting of the balance around Salonica, and that in turn affects the situation on Russia's Balkan front, which again may bring a relaxation of German effort in the west. Not that the re-

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sults will everywhere be immediately apparent. One of the lessons of the fall of Erzerum is to emphasize the deliberateness with which large-scale operations move forward.

This is made clear by bringing Erzerum into connection with Gallipoli. It is nearly two months since the evacuation of Gallipoli began, and the Turks were at liberty to use elsewhere an army that must have been close to 200,000 men. Why was not part of this army employed to strengthen the Caucasus forces which about the same time began to give way steadily under the Russian pressure? The Russian estimate to-day is that Erzerum was defended by about 100,000 men. Considering that the original strength of the Turks in the region was above that, it is plain that, far from being kept up to the required strength, the forces in Armenia had been weakened. It is only conjecture, but it is a fairly safe conjecture, that from Armenia came part of the reinforcements which inflicted the British defeat before Bagdad. At any rate, when we speak of lightning strokes directed against Egypt by the Turks, it is well to remember that two months after the release of a great Turkish army at Gallipoli the Sultan was unable to spare enough men for the defence of his strongest outpost in Asia Minor. He saved Bagdad, at the cost of Erzerum; and Constantinople to-day must be weighing the price that will have to be paid for the much-heralded advance through the Sinai desert against the Suez Canal.

Whichever explanation we adopt for the Turkish setback in Armenia—whether we attribute it to a notable increase in the Russian strength or to a notable diminution of the Turkish strength—the effect upon the situation in Asia is the same. It means that the ambitious plan of a joint attack upon Turkey from the rear, the British coming north along the Tigris, the Russian coming south through Armenia, is once more making headway. At first it was the southern movement that counted. Now it is the threat from the north. The justification of the plan consists in the fact that it exercises pressure against the weakest flank of the Central Powers on land. Russia adopted this policy of hitting out at the weaker opponent from the beginning of the war when she concentrated against Austria, and with notable success. When German intervention saved Austria, the Allies turned their mind to Turkey. At Gallipoli the attempt failed. In Asia Minor it is showing results. It is still in doubt whether the Russians made large captures of men at Erzerum or whether the bulk of the Turkish army succeeded in escaping. In either case we may expect a Russian advance to the west, and possibly in two directions, northward towards Trebizond on the Black Sea, southward to Diarbekr on the Tigris and within striking distance of the projected Bagdad railway. The advance may not be rapid. Trebizond and Diarbekr are about 150 miles from Erzerum, and the Grand Duke, profiting by his Galician experiences, will proceed with caution. But the occupation of a large slice of Armenia is imminent.

The moral effect of Russia's victory will be considerable. It demonstrates her latent strength after last year's disastrous defeats. It removes the menace to Egypt. It helps to restore Allied prestige among the tribes from Arabia to the Indian frontier and in India itself. Above all, it is a sharp rejoinder to German assertions of a victorious coalition stretching from the North Sea to Mesopotamia. The glowing vision of "Berlin-Bagdad" is sobered when the Bagdad part of the scheme is shown to be far from a fact. It has been a familiar argument since the conquest of Servia and the establishment of the Balkan "corridor," that Germany will find in the untapped riches of Asia Minor ample compensations for the defeat of her aspirations on the sea. And behind Bagdad in the great vision lay India. But the facts so far are that Great Britain, though checked, is still in possession of large gains in lower Mesopotamia, and that Russia is now pressing down upon Armenia. Thus the way to India is not only pretty well guarded, but a large part of Asia Minor itself is wrenched out of the scheme of a Central Confederation from the Baltic to the Persian Gulf.

THE FIGHT OVER THE WASHINGTON POWER PLANT.

The story of the effort to prevent the erection of a great central power plant for the Government buildings at Washington, upon a site injurious to the beauty of the design for the development of the river area, is a story which recurs with painful monotony in all such matters. It is only after the plans have been well advanced towards execution that the injury they threaten is sufficiently realized to bring out a powerful protest; and then the protest is met by the cry of "too late." It is easy to understand the feelings of the "practical men" in such a situation. Mr. Fitzgerald is doubtless truly disgusted at the idea of people coming in at the eleventh hour to make trouble, and to cause probably more or less incidental expense, upon which last point he is one of the comparatively few members of either house of Congress to have really serious feelings. And probably nearly all of the Representatives and Senators who voted against the Newlands amendment to postpone the undertaking until it could be reported upon by the National Fine Arts Commission were influenced by the feeling that the time to protest was before the project had reached the stage of entering into a contract.

But the fact is that it is upon this kind of eleventh-hour resistance that we constantly have to rely for protection in matters of this nature. And, irritating as it may be to be asked to undo or revise what had been supposed to be an accomplished result, that is no reason for refusing to do so. The people who protest are not asking anything for themselves; their appeal is in behalf of us all. It is directed to the saving of what at present attracts no notice, but in the future will be priceless. Instead of being irritated because the protesters were slow in coming forward, we ought to be thankful that they have come forward at all. But in deciding the case they bring forward, what we have to pass upon is neither their personal merits nor the praise or blame attaching to the persons responsible for the scheme to which they object. The only question is as to the merit of the objection itself, and of the course of action that is proposed by the objectors. In the present instance, the objection has been impressively presented by associations representing practically the whole architectural profession of the country, by other associations comprising thousands of our most public-spirited citizens, and by individuals whose names carry the greatest possible weight in any question of art or of civic beauty. And what Senator Newlands proposed was simply that the Government be not irrevocably committed to the scheme until it had been examined and approved by the National Fine Arts Commission.

To those who made a strenuous effort to bring about this stay of proceedings—especially Mr. Newlands in the Senate and Messrs. Gillett, of Massachusets, and Cooper, of Wisconsin, in the House—grateful recognition is due. The point was brought out that, although under an executive order made by President Wilson in 1913, final action was not to be taken upon any building erected by the Government in the District of Columbia until the plans had been passed upon by the

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National Fine Arts Commission, the plans were in this instance not submitted until after the contract had been made. But the main stress of Senator Newlands's argument was put upon the seriousness of the matter at issue, and the duty of Congress to correct an error if it has made one. He made a most forcible presentation of the case from every standpoint. It should be clearly understood that what is involved is not merely the question of the view from the White House—from which the proposed site is at a great distance, with other large buildings interposed—but of the river-front, which, with its parks and monuments, will in the future present a superb and beautiful effect if unmarred. One of the reasons why the error was committed in the first place, and why it was not sooner protested against, is doubtless to be found in the singular deficiency of our country in the appreciation of water-front possibilities. "Throughout the United States," as Senator Newlands said, "the water-front is, as a rule, the most neglected part of every city, occupied by wretched buildings, unsightly wharves. But if we go to Europe, we find quite the contrary; if we go to Asia, we find quite the contrary."

It will be up-hill work now to bring about a change of site for the power plant. The appropriation for the building is an item in the Urgent Deficiency bill, and will go to the President merely as such; and the proviso for postponement of the work has been voted down. But we are glad to observe that the Nevada Senator, in his speech, gave notice that he would not accept that disposition of the matter as final. His motion for a stay of operations had been originally offered in the shape of a separate resolution, having no connection with the Deficiency bill; that resolution, he declared, is still pending, and "will be pressed with vigor in the future in case the action of the Senate should be adverse on this subject."

POLITICAL MEMOIRS TO PAY OFF OLD SCORES.

"I was a candidate at the Ohio primary election held August 11, 1914, for nomination as the Republican candidate for United States Senator, but was defeated. I recognized that as a result my political career was ended, and that an opportune time had come to answer affirmatively and in a practical way the oft-repeated request of my family and friends that I should some time write a sketch of my public life and services." In these words, ex-Senator Foraker makes his bow as an author. But a certain falsetto voice might inquire, "Aren't you mistaken, Senator, about the date when your political career ended? Was it not as far back as 1908, when it became necessary to put a little ginger into the Taft campaign?" Yet there is more bitterness in Foraker's comment upon the later defeat than upon the former one. Mr. Foraker gives himself the satisfaction of noting what has happened to his opponents in the swiftly moving years since they put him "down and out." "How the mighty have fallen!" he exclaims. He has not been idle. He has taken time to read the newspapers, to make a few speeches, "and to *join my fellow-citizens in welcoming back to private life one after another in rapid succession every man who took part in the work of retiring me.* Most of them are there to stay. . . . I have been able to bear their defeats and disappointments with Christian resignation. *I have even found pleasure in the fact that I have been permitted to live long enough to see my worst enemies saying worse things about each other than either of them ever said about me.*" The italics are the author's.

The value of Mr. Foraker's two stout volumes hardly lies in any sensational revelations he has to make. He says nothing to equal in this respect the accusation made by John Sherman of the stealing of Southern delegates by his rival, Alger. But he does relate an incident in this very connection that touches the honor of another influential Republican. Every delegate to the Convention—it was in 1888—was entitled to two extra tickets of admission for each session. "The delegates from the Southern States were far from home and short of cash." A day or two before the balloting began, Mr. Foraker had occasion to go to Mark Hanna's room. He "found him there engaged in buying and paying for such tickets. There were a number of negro delegates in his room, and he was taking their tickets and paying them therefor in the most open business-like way." Greatly surprised, Foraker "ventured to express displeasure." But Hanna "defended his action as necessary because the same tactics were being resorted to by others." Foraker flatly controverts the statement of Herbert Croly, in his life of Hanna, that such practices were common: "I never heard of any such practice except in this one instance, and it was my fortune to attend as a delegate six consecutive National Republican Conventions."

Foraker's relations with Hanna remained strained for some time. The reinstatement of "at least fairly good relations" between the two men did not prevent one of them from printing in this book a letter which was found in the papers of John Sherman after his death. It is dated November 8, 1888, and addressed simply "My Dear Sir." It reveals a feeling upon the part of Sherman towards McKinley and Hanna which the country hardly suspected. "I ought to have remained in the Senate during my term," wrote the old man. "At that time I regarded McKinley as a sincere and ardent friend. . . . When he urged me to accept the position of Secretary of State, I accepted with some reluctance and largely to promote the wishes of Mark Hanna. The result was that I lost the position both of Senator and Secretary."

Shortly before leaving Washington for Philadelphia in 1900, Foraker called at the White House. A brief conversation took place between him and McKinley over the general political situation, when, as the Senator was taking his leave, the President "rather abruptly and energetically" said: "I hope you will not allow the Convention to be stampeded to Roosevelt for Vice-President." Foraker replied that he thought the indications were for his nomination, that he regarded him as the strongest man who could be put on the ticket with McKinley, and that he considered himself committed to the support of the New Yorker. Roosevelt had previously called upon Foraker to ask him to oppose his nomination for the Vice-Presidency. Foraker had answered that he thought he ought to yield to the sentiment in his favor, if it continued.

He seemed quite determined, however, in his purpose to refuse, but the following day he returned with all the real Roosevelt spirit fully aroused, and told me, in substantially the following language, that he had in some way learned since talking with me the day before that "the McKinley people" did not want him on the ticket, and *"that,"* he said, "makes a different case, and I feel differently about it. There is no reason why they should not want me, and I will not allow them to discredit me. If the Convention wants me, I shall accept."

Taft wrote Foraker in 1900 thanking him for having recommended him so cordially to the President for appointment as Governor of the Philippines, and saying, "Good fortune has followed me with so much persistence that I tremble for the future on the principle of compensation." These words are cited by Foraker as giving point to his picture of what followed his defeat for re-election to the Senate in 1908. "These were the awful penalties—Democratic control in Ohio and Democratic control in the nation—that were to be visited on our party and

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country if I should be reëlected to the Senate. I was not reëlected. I was defeated. . . . But what happened? Did the party remain in power? Was Senator Dick reelected two years later? Did Taft's Administration prove a success, and did Republican control continue in national affairs?" After all, "it is not necessary I should have any ill will towards anybody. 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.' He has been repaying."

JOURNALISM IN THE TRENCHES.

Two Scottish laddies at Ypres
Were harried and worried by snypres,
So to flummox tormentres
They crawled on their *ventres*
And—Pouf!—went a nest o' the vypres.

One of the results of the war will be a new conception of British temperament wherever on the Continent the British Tommy will have fought. The traditional Englishman has hitherto been of two physical types, the short, rotund, John Bull type and the enormously elongated Englishman with teeth and moustaches. But the traditional psychology of both has been the same: phlegm and an absence of humor. From the beginning of the war the French have been revising this historic impression. Whenever there was a brief respite during the nightmare days after Mons, and Sir John French's men were not sleeping in sheer exhaustion, they would strip and go in swimming or else kick about a football. At first this was attributed to British mania for sport. Later, in the bitter days of the winter battles around Ypres, the French resented what seemed to them sheer indifference to the task confronting the Allies. There was football again, and there are stories even of hounds being brought over from England for hunting behind the lines. By now the French have discovered that they have simply been ignorant of the nature of the plain Englishman. Instead of a saturnine creature he has turned out to be an irrepressible funmaker; stolid enough when there was actual work in hand, but otherwise quite kittenish.

Comic journalism flourishes in the Flanders trenches. The British Museum has been collecting these fugitive sheets, some of them printed, but most of them typewritten or mimeographed. The Royal Fusiliers publish *The Gasper* and *The Salient;* the Twentieth Canadian Regiment has its *Gazette;* the West Riding Field Ambulance has the *Lead-Slinger* for its official organ. In *The Salient* a poet has been chronicling the present in a series entitled "Toothless Rhymes for Ruthless Times," from which we have taken the lines at the beginning of this article. It is journalism completely provided with departments, special columns, notes, dispatches, cartoons, editorials, and, of course, advertisements. The *Gazette* has a Strafe Column devoted to personals. In what is presumably its Home Page it prints the following instructions: "Ration and fatigue parties swimming to the firing line must keep a sharp lookout for hostile submarines." It advertises Haig's Pills for Hunnish People. It announces a special Quick-Firing Number to appear, "shells permitting." Only in the form of notes pencilled on the margin of these light-hearted publications comes a revelation of the background: "Editor gassed." "Star reporter mauled on the wire." "Whole staff and gear buried on press-day by H. E. howitzer shell, 11 in. Nobody left but the printer's devil."

Every trade develops its slang, and watching in the trenches has become a trade. For that matter, from the first days of the war the heavy shells were Jack Johnsons and the anti-aeroplane shrapnel puffs were Archibalds. Eighteen months have produced an entire vocabulary, some of it grim, some of it fanciful, a good deal of it the honest result of Tommy's struggles with the French language. Arm-in-Tears for Armentières and Wipers for Ypres are fair examples. Ian Hay, in "The First Hundred Thousand," has recorded the humor of the soldier in France, conscious and unconscious. There is the universal phrase "Na pooh," which means negation, *finis*, extinction. Possibly it comes from "Il n'y a plus." One says "Na pooh" when he pushes his plate away after dinner. "Poor Bill got na-poohed by a rifle-grenade yesterday." This is not the same mood as telling a rooky that the sound of the Taube overhead is the sergeant beating his carpets. But British commentators would find in it the same national trait of fatalistic humor. They remark that British and French have changed temperamentally with the war. The British trench journals are gay and eschew heroics. The French publications—*L'Echo des Marmites*, *Le Poilu Enchaîné*—strike a deeper note. This is not quite true. Unquestionably, the French have more reason to be sober, but their papers and their trench recreations show gayety enough. They have their underground "Versailles" and "Beauséjours," and they advertise little dancing parties with an elaborate programme of quicksteps for the Boches. And on the German side there is in all probability a similar development of frivolous journalism, though there popular recreation is largely symphonic music and choral singing.

We leave it to the Euckens and other apostles of war as a spiritual cleanser to cite this tragic gayety of the trenches as an example of the mitigation of the horrors of slaughter. But it only means that the dreadful business of war cannot suppress the fundamental virtue of man, his joy in a job well done, whether the job consists in building or killing, in repairing or maiming. An ocean of talk about class warfare and the "submerged" has created the impression of a world of workers chained to their tasks and grinding out their lives in a dun atmosphere of want and spiritual depression. The truth is that the workers of the world know what joy is and the emancipation of humor. They do not shirk in the mine, in the factory, or in the first-line trench. The pity is only that this human instinct of fidelity to the job and the equally fundamental instinct of joy in work should be diverted to the bitter business of reciprocal slaughter.

Foreign Correspondence

ENGLAND'S PROBLEMS IN ECONOMICS AND FINANCE.

By T. L. GILMOUR.

LONDON, February 10.

The traditional incapacity of the British people to give their serious attention to more than one subject at a time is usually advanced as the reason why the economic and financial problems arising out of the war have attracted comparatively so little notice. There are other reasons. In the first place, all the superficial phenomena tend to confirm the untrained observer in the conclusion that there is no economic pressure on the population at the present time, that indeed the country is passing through an era of great apparent prosperity. Official statistics demonstrate that there never has been a time when there was less unemployment, and these official statistics are confirmed by personal observation. In a recent speech, Mr. Lloyd George declared that, in order to man the news factories which are approaching completion, for the manufacture of munitions of war, he would require the services of 80,000 additional skilled workmen and of over 200,000 unskilled workmen. The enormous demand for labor has naturally resulted in an increase in the rate of wages, and this process has been assisted by the action of the Trades Unions, which have seen to it that the rise in the price of commodities has been accompanied by a corresponding rise in wages. Not only has there been a general all-round rise in the rate of wages, but there has also been—as a result of overtime and "speeding up"—a further material increase in the actual wages received. The Midlands, the North of England, and the South of Scot-

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land are the districts in which this war prosperity is most clearly visible, and on every hand one hears stories of the "extravagance" of the working classes. We are told, for example, that in Lancashire a working woman, wearing a shawl on her head, went into a large shop and purchased £60 worth of furs. A distinguished scientist told me at first hand that the wife of a Scottish munition worker in Glasgow has said, "My man is earning £13 a week, and I find it very difficult to spend it." There is undoubtedly some truth in the allegation which stories of this kind are intended to illustrate. The evidence is only too clear that large sums of money are being spent wastefully on cheap pianos, gramaphones, tawdry jewelry, motorcycles, and a hundred other things which are luxuries to a nation engaged in war.

In the second place, our command of the sea enables us to import whatever we are able to buy from other countries, even if we have to pay increased prices for everything we purchase. Therefore, it looks, from the wage-earning point of view, as if the economic situation were by no means serious. From the point of view of the upper and middle classes, *i. e.*, the income-receiving classes, the situation wears a somewhat different aspect. The class which has perhaps suffered most is that which depends on a fixed income derived from investments. In many cases, not only has the capital value of the investments shrunk, but the income has decreased, while prices have risen all round. In some few cases rich men have become richer through the war, but it may, I think, be said with certainty, that the richer classes have become appreciably poorer, whether their wealth be measured by capital value or by income-earning capacity. This shifting of wealth, involving, as it does, its more even distribution over the whole community, would, in normal times, be warmly welcomed by many of those who must keenly realize its dangers in time of war. One of the chief drawbacks to this distribution of wealth over a larger area of the population is that it makes it very difficult for the Government to get hold of the money which is as essential an element of victory as are men or munitions. If a manufacturing concern makes an extra profit of £100,000 and that profit is distributed among a limited number of proprietors, the chances are that a very considerable proportion of the £100,000 will be placed at the disposal of the Government through the medium either of taxation or of loans. If, on the other hand, the £100,000 is distributed in the form of additional wages, at the rate of £1 per week to a large number of workmen, the chances are, as things are at present, that very little of that sum will come back to the Government in any form, except perhaps through an increase in direct taxation of alcoholic drinks, tobacco, and so forth.

It is an interesting and instructive study to compare the position in Germany, so far as it is known to us, with the position here on the various points I have dealt with. The testimony of neutral observers justifies us in coming to the conclusion that, so far from the working classes in Germany being in a state of unusual prosperity, they are being subjected to very severe economic pressure. Except to a very small extent, there does not appear to have been any material increase in the rate of wages during the war, while the price of the necessaries of life has increased to a much greater extent than in this country. It is alleged in some quarters that this is part of the deliberate war policy of the German Government, which seeks, in the first place, to promote compulsory economy among the general population by economic pressure and, in the second place, to concentrate war profits in the hands of the governing and wealthy classes. Whatever the motive for this concentration may be, the effect has undoubtedly been to make it easier for the Government to acquire control of the monetary resources of the country. Owing to the action of the British blockade, Germany is unable to import foodstuffs, raw material, or munitions of war to any material extent, and must therefore depend almost entirely upon her own internal resources.

If they are right who maintain that the ultimate determining factor in the war will be the capacity for economic endurance, it would seem that circumstances are contributing to hasten the waste of the economic resources of this country, while in Germany circumstances are assisting the Government in compelling the economic use of the resources at the disposal of the Central Powers. The paradoxical situation therefore arises in which it would seem that the effective blockade established by our fleet is really contributing to the prolongation of the struggle both by limiting the actual consumption of the German people and by preventing them from dissipating their resources by purchases in foreign countries.

I have made this brief and necessarily imperfect survey of the economic conditions in these islands and in Germany, because I think it serves to explain what I must frankly confess I regard as the appalling failure of the public here to understand the magnitude and urgency of the financial responsibilities with which we are faced. It is difficult to think in millions; it is still more difficult to think in hundreds of millions, and yet it is with these astronomical figures that we have to deal. There are, I think, signs that the public mind is awakening to a dim consciousness that the financial situation will demand much greater sacrifices from all of us than any we have yet made in that direction. The Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and other members of the Government have from time to time talked to us of the supreme need for economy, of "silver bullets" being the ultimate deciding factor in the war, and so forth, but up to the present the Cabinet has entirely failed to take any adequate measures for educating the country as to its financial responsibilities. Such measures as the establishing of the Parliamentary War Savings Committee, six months ago, or the recent establishment of a Treasury Committee under the chairmanship of Mr. Montagu, to devise machinery for enabling the working classes to invest their savings in the war loan or in some other form of Government security, ignore altogether the major consideration that before any class of the community can be induced to hand over its savings to the Government, it must be convinced, in the first place, of the urgent necessity to save and, in the second place, of the paramount duty of entrusting its savings to the Government.

Within the last six months, the Government has been strongly urged to undertake a great educational campaign, and has been promised on all hands the assistance of voluntary workers. But so far the invitation has not been accepted, and in accordance with the best British tradition, a number of private associations have come into existence, and a number of existing organizations have extended their activities, with the object of educating the public mind and conscience on these points. To be as brief as possible, the case which they are presenting to their fellow-citizens is this: Some time ago we were told that our national expenditure might be calculated at five millions sterling a day. This means an annual expenditure of the colossal amount of over eighteen hundred millions sterling. It is doubtful if, in view of the recent increase in the army, even this sum will cover our expenditure for the next twelve months. But, that figure being taken as the basis of our calculations, it is pointed out that before the war the Government's income was, in round figures, two hundred millions; so that to equalize the war budget an additional sixteen hundred millions will have to be found in one way or another. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has already imposed additional taxation which is calculated to yield another one hundred millions at least, and may yield more. There still remain fifteen hundred millions to be found.

How is this sum to be raised? Statisticians have calculated that the annual income of the nation at the outbreak of war was two thousand four hundred millions sterling, and that of that sum we saved four hundred millions, half of which was invested abroad and half at home. The Government has wisely taken precautions to limit the investment of capital in new enterprises both at home and abroad, but if as we assume—what is certainly not the case—that the whole of the four hundred millions is diverted from new investments and lent to the Government, there still remain eleven hundred millions to be found. It is at this point that one of the chief difficulties arises. Men begin to talk vaguely of our accumulated wealth and infer that we can meet the deficit out of capital. A moment's reflection, however, will show that this is a fallacious argument. The greater part of our accumulated wealth cannot be turned into munitions of war, or into cash for the payment of our foreign creditors or the upkeep of our army. Our railways, our canals, our warehouses and factories, our forests and farms cannot be sold, because there are no possible buyers. There remain, of course, our foreign securities, but a little reflection will convince us that these can only be disposed of to a limited extent. We cannot sell our colonial securities to our colonies; we cannot sell our properties in France, Russia, or Italy to our allies, and our investments in enemy countries must, of course, be excluded. Our American securities are for all practical purposes all that we have available for the purpose of immediate sale. There are no statistics to show to what extent we have already disposed of securities in America, nor have we any means of knowing, even approximately, the amount of the securities still remaining. I have consulted various recognized authorities as to the probable maximum of American securities which can be sold in twelve months, and the highest estimate, given with considerable misgivings, was four hundred millions sterling. If this be accepted as correct, there still remain seven hundred millions to be raised in this country, by way either of taxa-

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tion or of loans, in addition to the four hundred millions which in peace time are available for investment.

It is apparent, therefore, that unless we are prepared to find ourselves involved in financial difficulties of a very serious character, the nation must be prepared to hand over to the Government, in addition to existing taxation, a sum of fifteen hundred millions, and that at least half this amount must be obtained from savings which were not made before the outbreak of war. To be in a position to hand over this colossal sum to the Government, we must first save it, and it can only be saved by reducing our expenditure to the lowest possible limits. The war cannot be won unless the money which must be spent on it is found, and in its ultimate analysis, that money can only be found in these islands by the people living in them.

FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND'S NEUTRALITY—DUTIES VERSUS RIGHTS.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, February 5.

The mental processes which life requires amid present war alarms are very complicated. Lay down your abstrict principles of neutrality. A neutral government must not take sides, must not allow itself to be made a moral or material force for one side rather than the other, must protect its own citizens in the liberty of their relations with both sides. And suddenly you find that your neutrality in practice is Norman—you favor while not favoring one or the other or one after the other.

There is a difference in neutrality towards all belligerents and towards each belligerent, towards both sides and towards each member of each side; and, for the present example, between neutrality practiced towards all the Allies taken together and neutrality towards France. This means that France, in her relations with this or that neutral country, has to watch out for herself as well as for the cause of the Allies. Then neutrality may be full of good feeling, which King Constantine's Government in Greece assured the Allies was its particular neutrality—*bienveillante*. It may aim at strict impartiality which ends in self-regarding legality, as in the United States. Or it may be frankly distrustful, as the attitude of Sweden has been all along towards all the Allies. In Spain, neutrality seems to mean keeping out of trouble while protecting individual citizens in their money-making from the highest bidder. This was the classic attitude of John Bull and Brother Jonathan towards past catherine-wheel revolutions in Spanish America.

France, and latterly Italy, have had to face the neutrality of Switzerland. From the beginning, the little republic showed what a certain kind of "preparedness" could do by putting its entire army—a formidable one—at its frontiers. Before France had mobilized, Switzerland was in a position to resist any attempt on the part of Germany to invade France through Swiss territory and *vice-versa* on the part of France. Italy was still neutral, and curiosity full of hilarity was stirred by Swiss military operations on her Alpine frontier, which resembled an army indulging in winter sports on skis. Italy's like operations in real war against Austria during this second winter in corresponding Alps make the retrospect serious.

France, from the start, has shown her confidence in Switzerland—as she did towards Italy while the latter was still neutral—by leaving the common frontier practically undefended. Where the two countries meet the German frontier, naturally the strongest defence possible is made about Belfort. Pontarlier would also give a good account of itself in case of need. But the general impression of the Franco-Swiss frontier is that of two gendarmes on the French side at the customs station, one for the day and the other for the night, each rolling his cigarettes in loneliness, while embattled Swiss troops observe him severely from the other side, the frontier line being traced in blue chalk between them.

This neutrality of the Swiss frontier, like that of the Italian frontier during the first months of war, has favored France to the full extent of many army divisions which she is thus left free to employ along her belligerent line. It would be strange if Germany complained that this strict neutrality of Switzerland is really a violation of neutrality, because it results in a direct war-advantage for France. In the United States have we not heard some such complaints, even in Congress? True, American neutrality does not so far actively oppose the natural fact, "Britannia rules the waves." In the case of Swiss neutrality, such argumentation would rapidly result in the riddle, When is a frontier not a frontier?

Now this recognition by Switzerland of her neutral duties—first, to defend her own soil against aggression, and secondly, not to molest her neighbor—has actually deprived Switzerland of some of her rights of peace. As she is surrounded on all sides by belligerent territory, her commerce with the neutral nations on beyond is no longer free. That wheat and petroleum and other staples of her citizens' living should reach her, or cotton and other raw material for the industries which give a living to her citizens, it is necessary that France and Italy should let the necessary provisions pass across their territory. Yet, if they pass freely—Swiss imports from neutral countries—nothing will be easier than that the individual Switzer should play the honest broker and pass them on to Germany, who also needs.

Thus the peace right of Switzerland to let foreign products pass freely in transit through her territory to Germany is restricted by war—precisely because Switzerland is neutral. Her observance of neutrality along her frontier helps France; and her observance of neutrality in her trade across the German frontier—which she, and not France, controls—hurts Germany. Yet such is neutrality; and nobody has been found to say the contrary.

Germany, in her usual way, has done her best to smash the obstacle by threats and force. She will send no coal to Switzerland unless Switzerland sends to her provisions received by Switzerland from other neutral countries in transit across France or Italy. And the Allies cannot provision Switzerland with coal—and Switzerland cannot get provisions from neutral countries except across territory of the Allies—and the belligerent Allies will not allow Switzerland to feed belligerent Germany with provisions from neutral countries imported in transit across the Allies' territories!

Here is an example of a neutral country suffering from a blockade made "effective" by her own honest observance of neutrality! Yet there is not a link of the blockading chain that has not been forged by international legality. I have not heard that American neutrality has declared the right of citizens of the United States to export their products into neutral Switzerland in spite of the Allies blocking the way across French and Italian territory—the only way of reaching Switzerland.

What can Switzerland do about it?

She observes neutrality, and doing so she risks direct suffering of her population from this war—suffering comparable with that of belligerent countries. This is so much the case that the French Government has consented to consider the possibility of "compensations" such as Germany demands of Switzerland, provided they do not help Germany's war-waging. But Germany at once demands further compensations for her coal in products which are French, and not merely imports from neutral countries across France!

With Italy not technically at war with Germany, it is easier for Switzerland to treat. It is even said by natives that Prince von Bülow's enigmatic sojourn in Lucerne had more to do with getting rice from Italy into Germany across Switzerland than with his supposed negotiations for peace through the Pope.

Here again is an example of a struggle for life imposed by the war on a neutral country—because neutral—and the American press scarcely takes the pains to present it to the consideration of our Congressmen. But all the world makes much of the prevarication of two members of the Swiss General Staff who profited by their official position to violate their country's neutrality. Guiteau said before he assassinated President Garfield: "Anybody would give Ingersoll a dollar to hear there is no God, and nobody would come to hear my free lecture proving there is a God!" So, too, for neutrality.

Notes from the Capital

WILLIAM R. DAY.

Justice William R. Day, of the Supreme Court, came into national notice about the time that McKinley began his campaign for the Presidency. He was a neighbor of McKinley's at Canton, Ohio, and the two men were on the most intimate personal terms. That their friendship was not a matter of self-interest on Day's part was evident from the fact that he was the better lawyer, and that he had had opportunities for advancement in the line of his profession which he had declined, partly because of his disinclination towards public life and partly because his health was never robust. President Harrison, for instance, whose discernment and good conscience in the selection of material for the bench made any offer from him exceedingly flattering, had named Day for United States District Judge, and the Senate had confirmed the nomination, but Day even then refused to serve, on the ground that the duties of the position might overtax his strength.

Besides his competency as a lawyer and his sound common-sense and mental balance as a man, Day's most striking characteristic has always been his directness. Nobody despises more than he the meaningless frills and

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furbelows of human intercourse. As tender-hearted as McKinley, and as earnest in his desire to avoid wounding the feelings of any one needlessly, he yet believes that frankness of approach, coupled with gentleness, is the greatest saver of friction in the long run. He is so serious in his outward demeanor that the prophet of his class at Michigan University pictured him as running an undertaker's establishment and driving the hearse himself; but underneath the surface he has always been given to fun. On one occasion he was involved with a number of other students in a prank which, though harmless enough of itself, violated some of the most sacred canons of academic etiquette, and the faculty resolved to find out who were the guilty parties. Instead of taking the boys one by one and asking them candidly, "Did you have a hand in this?" they set up an inquisition in which, by various round-about methods of questioning, they endeavored to entangle the suspects, winding up their work with a long secret consultation among themselves. Some member of the student body—local tradition still attributes the idea, if not the performance, to Day—countered on these tactics by boring a hole through a partition of the locked council-chamber, and, with his ear to the opening, took elaborate notes of all that went on inside. The next day a burlesque report of the proceedings was published to the college, which showed up the whole business in so ridiculous a light, but with so substantial faithfulness to the fact, that the college went fairly wild with mirth and the faculty were glad to retreat without punishing anybody.

Another typical incident occurred when Day came to the final tests, which were to determine whether he should bear away a bachelor's degree. He always had hated the higher mathematics and made no secret of the distaste. After the engineering examination was over, instead of waiting, with the rest of his class, for the formal announcement of the results, he sought the professor who had the obnoxious subject in charge, and plumped the question at him: "Doctor, have I passed?" "Why are you in such haste to ask?" inquired the professor. "I want to know, and to know at once," responded Day, "because I want to get rid of the whole blamed thing!" He got his answer on the spot.

McKinley realized, from the outset of his Administration, that he was to have the Cuban problem to settle, with others which could hardly fail to come in its train. But he was politically bound to put John Sherman at the head of the State Department, and this made him all the more resolved to have a firm friend like Day in the second place, for Sherman's mind had begun to fail sadly. It was while Day was thus holding the fort that the Cuban Junta intercepted a letter written by the Spanish Minister, Dupuy De Lome, in which the President was treated with a discourtesy amounting to insult. The letter was turned over to Day. Immemorial precedent would have demanded that he open a formal diplomatic correspondence on the subject, a course which would have consumed months, probably, before bringing out an admission of the authorship of the screed and a disavowal of offensive intent on the part of the Spanish Government.

That was not the style of Day, the direct. Sending to the Spanish Legation to inquire whether it would be agreeable to Señor De Lome to receive him, he went thither in person, and, on the Minister's appearance, handed forth the letter with the simple inquiry whether it was genuine. De Lome, taken quite aback by this unique mode of proceeding, read the letter slowly through and then bowed his affirmation.

"Of course, your Excellency——" suggested Day.

"Oh, certainly, certainly," answered De Lome; "I will cable Madrid to-night my request to be relieved."

And the die was cast. In a few hours the Minister's passports were in his hands and he was on his way out of Washington, never to return.

When Sherman retired, Day became Secretary in his place, and manifested the same disposition to "get things done" by calling John Bassett Moore to be his assistant, regardless of the circumstance that Moore was a Democrat. It is hardly wonderful that Day's opinions on the bench are so commended for the way they go straight to the point.

TATTLER.

An Unacknowledged Imagist

By JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES.

The recently published Imagist anthology, "Some Imagist Poets," which represents an unobtrusive but significant reaction against the vagaries of the extreme left wing, is prefaced by a concise summary of the principles on which the moderate Imagists found their practice. These principles (omitting their elaboration) are as follows:

(1.) To use the language of common speech, but to employ always the *exact* word . . . (2.) To create new rhythms—as the expression of new moods—not to copy old rhythms, which merely echo old moods. . . . (3.) To allow absolute freedom in the choice of subject. . . . (4.) To present an image (hence the name: "Imagist") . . . (5.) To produce poetry that is hard and clear, never blurred nor indefinite. (6.) Finally, most of us believe that concentration is of the very essence of poetry.

Without entering at present upon the merits of the Imagist contention in general, I wish to point out that Imagist verse of high distinction—verse which conforms to all the canons of the school—is found in abundance in the works of certain modern writers of English prose. The anthologies have omitted one at least of the greatest names.

The principles enumerated (excluding the untrammelled choice of subject) boil down to two—*vers libre*, and the presentation of images. "The *exact* word, not the nearly exact, nor the merely decorative word"; the "hard and clear" as opposed to the "blurred or indefinite"; the emphasis on concentration—all these are in essence one with the postulate (under the fourth head above) that "poetry should render details exactly and not deal in vague generalities, however magnificent and sonorous." Imagist poetry is *ex hypothesi* the poetry of clearly rendered images. As for free verse, that, although not absolutely your only wear, is the accepted garb. "We do not insist upon 'free-verse' as the only method of writing poetry. We fight for it as for a principle of liberty. We believe that the individuality of a poet may often be better expressed in free-verse than in conventional forms. In poetry, a new cadence means a new idea." So runs the Declaration of Principles. Hard, clear images embodied in unrhymed cadence; precision of delineation linked with flexibility of rhythm—that, as I take it, is the gist of the Imagist creed.

The demand for sharp definition of images need not detain us. The insistence upon *le mot juste*, upon a lucid hardness as of enamels and cameos, upon a scrupulous exactitude in rendering details, upon "quintessentializing"—all this involves, as we are rightly told, no innovations. That these desiderata have "fallen into desuetude" is in a measure true, and any influence that looks to their return (one or two of them in due degree) is salutary. They are *not*, without qualification, "the essentials of all great poetry," but they are *among* those essentials. The exact status of free verse, however, is not so clear.

Of the powerful influence of recent French *vers libre* on the present practitioners of English free verse there is, of course, no question. But French *vers libre* and English are by no means of a piece, and free verse as the English and American Imagists write it must stand or fall with reference, not to French usage, but to the genius of its own mother speech. And the question still remains to be answered, whether, so far as English is concerned, the free verse of the current vogue is anything else than one sort (not any or every sort) of rhythmic prose. I know that the Imagists insist on a distinction. Miss Amy Lowell, who adds to an intimate knowledge of French verse a craftsmanship of exquisite nicety in English, and who is by far the most competent spokesman of the group—Miss Lowell states the case as follows:

> Now as prose is a long curve with very little return, and poetry is a much shorter curve with a very sharp return; so metrical prose may be considered as a slightly more curved line than is usual in prose, with a return beginning to be felt, and *vers libre* as curving still more markedly, and the return becoming pronounced.*

But as Miss Lowell herself points out:

> The unaccented French language instantly becomes *vers libre* when it departs from the props and stays of classic tradition; while in English the distinction between free verse and metrical prose is so slight that it requires

**Poetry*, March, 1914, p. 216. Writing a year later, in the Preface to "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed," Miss Lowell reiterates this distinction (which also appears, presumably from her pen, in the Preface to "Some Imagist Poets"), and expresses a preference for the term "unrhymed cadence"—a cadence which is "built upon 'organic rhythm,' or the rhythm of the speaking voice with its necessity for breathing, rather than upon a strict metrical system."

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a very delicate ear to detect the difference. The great poets of the nineteenth and preceding centuries contain no example, so far as I know. It is a modern metre, and must be sought among the moderns.

And her final summary admits that "the question is so much a matter of ear that it is only by examples that it can really be illustrated." The citations, however (those in English are from Walt Whitman and Fiona Macleod), on which Miss Lowell rests her case represent *one sort* of rhythmic prose, and as that particular type does not correspond in its rhythms to the cadences of the Imagists, a case seems to be made. But the test can be conclusive only when the prose that is chosen is of a type the cadences of which *do* stand in close relation to the rhythms of Imagist verse. Such examples are readily available, and they are not without significance.

In a letter of gentle remonstrance addressed to the *Little Review* last August, Mr. Witter Bynner remarked: "George Meredith has thousands of imagist poems incidental to each of his novels." As it happened, I had marked on the fly-leaves of my edition of Meredith some scores of these thousands, but it had not occurred to me to test their *cadences*. Their lucid clarity, their texture "dur et rare," their marvellous fidelity to the particular fact, above all (and this is conspicuous by its absence from the Imagist pronouncement) their depth of imaginative insight—all this was obvious enough. There were images that suggested the clairvoyance of a crystal-gazer, images with the luminous precision of a bit of landscape seen in the reflex of a lens, images that "'quintessentialized' an emotion until it burnt white-hot," images crisp, incised, penetrating, "strait and terse." But did they fulfil the other requirements of Imagist verse? Did they have "the quality of *return* . . . the balance which produces the effect of music on the ear"? What follows gives, I think, the answer to that question.

The excerpts entitled "Winged Regards," "Zincali" (1), "Clair de Lune" (except 4), "Cedars," What is the color, etc.," "The Pedant," "Imagists" (1), "Aquæ volubiles," and "Impavida" are given precisely as they stand, without change or omission of a single word. In "Our soul is escaped" and "Zincali" (2), several intervening sentences, in "Insurgat Aquilo" two intervening paragraphs, are left out. In "Artemis," "Equipoise," "Cadences," "Sunsets," "Beethoven," a single phrase has been omitted in each case; in "A Summer Cloud" and "Imagists" (2), two phrases; in "Clair de Lune" (4), one word and three cadenced phrases. In "Gamesters" the excised phrases are more numerous. Barring these omissions, the passages are as Meredith wrote them. The omitted sentences or phrases are, for the most part, uncadenced; neither Meredith's nor anybody's prose has *always* "the quality of return." I am not unmindful of the caveat that "merely chopping prose lines into lengths does not produce cadence." Whether my arrangement does or does not disclose "organic rhythm" as present in the passages, it is for the reader to determine. Finally, it is needless to say that the titles are my own. I have supplied them, not in order to impose an adventitious unity, but to bring out an inherent one.

And first, a number of poems in little—the vignettes, pastels, etchings, cameos, that the Imagists particularly affect. They are, of course, as I am giving them, *bâtons rompus*—a fact, however, which does not detract from their appositeness, for much Imagist verse reads like the culled posies of a florilegium. The impiety of wresting the "images" which follow from their context would be inexpiable were it not that it serves to throw into sharp relief the fact that, unlike their current counterparts, they *have* a context, are integral parts of a larger whole, and only for the purpose of the moment thus beat their luminous wings in the void.

ARTEMIS.

Diana herself,
Gazing at her naked feet;
Her hounds are pricking their ears,
And you see
Antlers of a stag
Behind a block of stone.

WINGED REGARDS.

1.

He had a look
Superior to simple strength and grace;
The look
Of a great sky-bird
About to mount.

2.

Her face
Was like the after-sunset
Across a rose-garden,
With the wings of an eagle
Poised outspread on the light.

EQUIPOISE.

Edged moments,
When life is poised
As a crystal pitcher on the head,
In peril of a step.

ZINCALI.

1.

He was like a Tartar
Modelled by a Greek:
Supple
As the Scythian's bow,
Braced
As the string!

2.

Her face
Was like an Egyptian sky
Fronting night.
The strong old Eastern blood
Put ruddy flame
For the red color.
When she laughed
She illuminated you;
Where she stepped
She made the earth hers.

CADENCES.

Mountain songs
That spring
Like clear water into air,
And fall,
Wavering,
As a feather falls,
Or the light
About a stone in water.

CLAIR DE LUNE.

1.

Over the flowering hawthorn
The moon
Stood like a wind-blown
White rose
Of the heavens.

2.

A sleepy fire
Of early moonlight
Hung
Through the dusky fir-branches.

3.

A pillar
Of dim silver rain
Fronted the moon
On the hills.

4.

The moon
Had now topped the cedar,
And was pure silver.
And in the West,
Facing it,
Was an arch of twilight and tremulous rose;
As if a spirit hung there
Over the shrouded sun.

5.

The sky,
Set with very dim distant stars,
Was in grey light
Round a small brilliant moon.
Every space of earth
Lifted clear to her;
The woodland listened;
And in the bright silence
The nightingales sang loud.

SUNSETS.

Great red sunsets,
With women kneeling under them.
Do you know those long low sunsets?
They look like blood spilt for love.

CEDARS.

1.

They saw the cedar
Grey-edged
Under the moon:
And Night,
That clung like a bat
Beneath its ancient open palms.

2.

A blue-hued *moon*
Slipped
From among the clouds,
And hung
In the black outstretched fingers
Of the tree of darkness,
Fronting troubled waters.

BEETHOVEN.

I have seen his picture
In shop-windows:
The wind
Seemed in his hair,
And he seemed to hear
With his eyes:
His forehead frowning—
So!

"WHAT IS THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES AND HAIR?"

Studies for Epipsychidion.

1.

Smoothed hair
That had the gloss of black briony leaves,
And eyes

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Like burning brands
In a cave.

2.

Hair
Red as blown flame,
With eyes
Of a grey-green hue,
That may be seen glistening
Over wet sunset.

3.

Her hair
Was radiant in a shady street;
Her eyelids
Tenderly toned
Round the almond enclosure of blue pebbles,
Bright as if shining from the sea wash.

A SUMMER'S CLOUD.

They watched it
Lying in the form of a fish,
Leviathan diminished;
And the head
Was lost;
The tail
Spread peacockwise—
And soft to a breath of air
As gossamer down,
The body became a ball,
A cock,
A little lizard,
Nothingness.

There are epigrams innumerable. I shall give but three—the last two with due apologies to the saner practitioners of the "new poetry":

THE PEDANT.

He pores
Over a little inexactitude
In phrases,
And pecks at it
Like a domestic fowl.

IMAGISTS.

1.

Men
Lying on their backs
And flying imagination
Like a kite.

2.

A species
Of mad metaphor,
Wriggling and tearing its passage
Through a thorn-bush,
With the furious urgency
Of a sheep in a panic.

But it is not necessary to be content with miniatures. There are flights of stronger wing:

GAMESTERS.

A circling white marble ball.
Creatures dabbling over the board
[Like] summer flies on butcher's meat,
Periodically scared by a cloth;
Desperate gleaners,
Hopping,
Skipping,
Bleeding,
Amid a whizz of scythe-blades,
For small wisps
Of booty.

An ancient hoary
Goat-Satan
With skew-eyes and pucker-mouth,
Nursing a hoof
On a knee.
He rolled a ball
For souls,
Excited like kittens,
To catch it.

"OUR SOUL IS ESCAPED . . ."

My heart
Is like a bird
Caught in the hands of a cruel boy.

My misery now
Is gladness,
Is like rain-drops
On rising wings,
If I say to myself
"Free! free!"

I fly like a seed
To Italy.
I lift my face to that prospect
As if I smelt new air.

AQUÆ VOLUBILES.

See!
The moon is getting whiter.
The water there
Is like a pool of snakes,
And then they struggle out,
And roll over and over,
And stream on lengthwise.
I can see
Their long flat heads,
And their eyes:
Almost their skins.

IMPAVIDA.

Lightning
Excited her.
He had seen her lying at her length
Quietly,
Her black hair
Scattered on the pillow,
Like shadow of twigs and sprays
On moonlit grass,
Illuminated intermittently;
Smiling to him,
But her heart out and abroad,
Wild as any witch's.

INSURGAT AQUILO!

A wind was rising.
The trees
Gave their swish of leaves;
The river
Darkened the patch of wrinkles;
The bordering flags amid the reed-blades
Dipped and streamed.

The trees were bending,
The water hissing,
The grasses all this way and that,
Like hands
Of a delirious people
In surges of wreck.*

*Since the passages should be susceptible of verification, I append references. The Roman numerals in parenthesis designate chapters. From "The Amazing Marriage": "Artemis" (i), "Winged Regards" 1. (v), "Equipoise" (xv), "A Summer's Cloud" (v), "Gamesters" (ix). From "Sandra Belloni": "Winged Regards" 2. (xx), "Clair de Lune" 1. (xx), 2. (ii), 3. (xii), 4. (xx), 5. (lviii), "Sunsets" (xx), "Cedars" 1. (xx), 2. (xxvi), "Beethoven" (xx), "What is the Color, etc." 1. and 2. (iv), "Our soul is escaped" (lix), "Aquæ volubiles" (xx). From "Diana of the Crossways": "Zincali" 1. (xiv). From "The Adventures of Harry Richmond: "Zincali" 2. (xxiii). From "Vittoria": "Cadences" (xxxiii). From "Lord Ormont and his Aminta": "What is the color, etc." 3. (xii), "Impavida" (xxi), "Insurgat Aquilo" (xxv). From "The Egoist": "The Pedant" (xxxiii). From "One of our Conquerors": "Imagists" 1. (iv). From "Beauchamp's Career": "Imagists" 2. (xii). It will be observed that I have left some of the richest mines untouched.

It has been hard to choose. Every lover of Meredith will forthwith double the list. And like the Franklin, "Lordinges, this question wolde I aske now": Is Meredith writing verse or prose? If prose, what is it that the Imagists are writing?

Once more, let me insist that I am not for the moment concerned with the *æsthetic values* of free verse (it is indubitably not without them, whatever be their rating), but solely with its *status*. I have omitted, for lack of space, three longer passages in unrhymed cadence of peculiar charm from Fiona Macleod, Maurice Hewlett, and Walter Pater. Instead I shall add but three brief excerpts. I have chosen them as work of unchallenged beauty and delicate art, which admits the metamorphosis from verse to prose without a hint of travesty. I have not prefixed the titles, since I may not quote the poems in their entirety:

Over the housetops, above the rotating chimney-pots, I have seen a shiver of amethyst, and blue and cinnamon have flickered a moment, at the far end of a dusty street. Through sheeted rain has come a lustre of crimson, and I have watched moonbeams hushed by a film of palest green. It was her wings, Goddess! who stepped over the clouds, and laid her rainbow feathers aslant on the currents of the air. (Amy Lowell, "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed": "The Captured Goddess.")

The Poet took his walking-stick of fine and polished ebony. Set in the close-grained wood were quaint devices; patterns in ambers, and in the clouded green of jades. The top was of smooth, yellow ivory, and a tassel of tarnished gold hung by a faded cord from a hole pierced in the hard wood, circled with silver. For years the Poet had wrought upon this cane. His wealth had gone to enrich it, his experiences to pattern it, his labor to fashion and burnish it. To him it was perfect, a work of art and a weapon, a delight and a defence. The Poet took his walking-stick and walked abroad. . . . The Poet came home at evening, and in the candle-light he wiped and polished his cane. The orange candle flame leaped in the yellow ambers, and made the jades undulate like green pools. It played along the bright ebony, and glowed in the top of cream-colored ivory. But those things were dead, only the candle-light made them seem to move. "It is a pity there were no roses," said the Poet. (Ibid.: "Astigmatism.)

I have whetted my brain until it is like a Damascus blade, so keen that it nicks off the floating fringes of passers-by, so sharp that the air would turn its edge were it to be twisted in flight. Licking passions have bitten their arabesques into it, and the mark of them lies, in and out, worm-like, with the beauty of corroded copper patterning white steel. My brain is curved like a scimitar, and sighs at its cutting like a sickle mowing grass. But of what use is all this to me! I, who am set to crack stones in a country lane! (Ibid.: "Miscast (I).")

Miss Lowell's free verse may be written as very beautiful prose; George Meredith's prose may be written as very beautiful free verse. Which is which? "We all surmise, They this thing, and I that; whom shall my soul believe?"

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Correspondence

ROOSEVELT AND PANAMA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial a few weeks ago, entitled "If the Colonel Had Been the Kaiser," should appeal to all lovers of the truth well told, for it squarely hit the bull's eye. There is a startling similarity between the action of Roosevelt as President, of which he constantly boasts, and the monstrous crime perpetrated by the Kaiser on Belgium, which he so furiously denounces. The difference lies only in the results that followed. If Colombia, like Belgium, had been thickly populated with a considerable army, surrounded by powerful nations, who were keenly interested in her welfare, the world would quickly have had revealed to it what an unscrupulous bully at heart Roosevelt was. He would have obeyed the Spooner law instead of spitting on it. He would never have written that tell-tale letter to Albert Shaw, he never would have allowed the conspiracy against a friendly state to be concocted and fully planned out at the Waldorf-Astoria, and he would never have sent an American man-of-war to prevent the landing of Colombian troops several hours before any news of a revolution had reached him.

Admiral Stockton, in welcoming the American Historical Association to Washington, recently and truthfully said that "the birth of the Republic of Panama was accomplished by a Cæsarian operation." The whole dishonor of that crime is on the shoulders of the ex-President who now in the most ribald language denounces President Wilson as an arrant coward because he tries to keep the country out of war. I yield to no one in my detestation of the bloodthirsty Hohenzollern dynasty and the German nation that seems glad to be its willing tool for savage injustice, but I do not see how any honest man, after studying the documents in both cases, can deny for a moment that before the tribunal of moral justice, high equity, and international law ex-President Roosevelt is equally guilty with the German Emperor whom he now so fiercely and justly denounces because of the monstrous crime against Belgium. Certainly in November, 1903, without consulting either Hay or Root, he tore up the treaty with Colombia like "a scrap of paper," squarely trampled on the Spooner law, violated all precedents of his predecessors about recognition, glorified Jeff Davis and secession, and thus scoffed at the dead whose graves we laurel on Memorial Day.

The chapter on the Republic of Panama in Mr. Thayer's life of John Hay, to which you allude in your editorial, is to my mind very discreditable to any one who pretends to be an honest and fair-minded historian. It seems to me permeated with special pleading, superficial investigation, and inaccurate statement. The following sentence is a good example of sophistry: "Our action in Panama of course had nothing in common with such international crimes as the German destruction of Belgium in 1914." (Vol. II, p. 331.)

No man liveth unto himself, and it is the same with nations. Since that fateful August 1, 1914, when in the restaurants and on the streets of Hamburg I saw thousands of men and women welcome with rapturous delight this accursed war, I have said to myself: "I wonder if, in 1903, John Hay and Elihu Root had followed the noble example of Sir Edward Clarke, John Burns, Lord Morley, and Sir John Simon, whether Germany would ever have invaded Belgium." There was then a tendency in our national affairs which, if taken rightly, might have lifted the torch of international justice and liberty high among the nations of the world in the true symbolism of the Bartholdi statue. If the Senate, grabbing our bullying and forceful President by the throat, had said: "We believe in the 'square deal,' if you don't. We value the nation's honor and good name more than the chance to spend millions of the people's dollars on the Panama Canal rather than on the Nicaragua route. We will not ratify your contemptible highway robber's treaty with that French adventurer and crook, Bunau-Varilla"—then, in opposition to the detestable doctrines of Treitschke, William II, Bismarck, and Bernhardi, which have spawned this accursed war, this nation might have pinned its faith to a far nobler doctrine, one like this: "The Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments are binding on nations as well as on individuals. The weak nations of the world shall always find in us a just friend, no treaty-breaking bully. The appeal to conscience shall not be made in vain."

That appeal to the nation's conscience was then made in vain, but it was made from various portions of our land. One of the most notable appeals I wish to discuss briefly in your columns, because Mr. Thayer speaks contemptuously of it, and his allusion to it shows in what a partisan manner he writes. On page 322 he says: "Members of the Yale faculty wrote protesting against the iniquity of the 'rape of Panama.'" No members of the faculty wrote to Hay then, I think, nor did they ever to my knowledge in any public or private communication speak of the "rape of Panama." I coined that phrase myself in my little book, "President Roosevelt's Coup d'Etat." What a few Yale professors did was to sign a very noble petition to the Senate of the United States asking that the Senate should do its sworn duty in giving a thorough, careful, and deliberate investigation to the Hay-Varilla treaty. That petition I ask you to print now as a matter of permanent record, as it did not then receive the attention that it deserved, and was not printed in the *Congressional Record* like the counter petition, signed by New Haven citizens, with the name of Charles S. Mellen at the head of the list. The petition sneered at by Mr. Thayer is as follows:

To the Honorable Senate of the United state:

The undersigned, citizens of the United States, residents of the city of New Haven, without distinction of party, respectfully state:

That there is a recognized body of laws, which ought to govern the conduct of nations.

That the law is uniform, not one for the strong and another for the weak, but the same for all.

That a belief has risen in the minds of many in this country and abroad that in our relations with the State of Colombia we have acted with undue haste, that we have violated and are about to violate the rules of international law, and that we are adopting towards that country a line of conduct which we would not take against a stronger power.

That the fact that Colombia, owing to its comparative weakness, is powerless to resist, demands of us the more caution to avoid the suspicion that we are making an unjust use of our greater power. The mere existence of such suspicion is injurious to our honor and self-respect.

We respectfully ask that before the final ratification of the Hay-Varilla treaty our action in Panama be subjected to careful and deliberate investigation, to the end, not only that the Republic may do no wrong, but that its good repute in the world, which is dearer than any gain of lands or trade, should suffer no loss.

Dated at New Haven, this 24th day of December, A. D. 1903.

This petition was signed by twenty-one citizens of New Haven, two-thirds of whom were Yale professors. The name at the head of the list is that of Prof. Theodore S. Woolsey, for many years professor of international law in Yale University. From my familiarity with his style I am strongly inclined to think that he is responsible for the inspiring phraseology.

The noble principles embodied in this petition have received a new and world-wide significance by the outbreak and events of the world war. For Americans they have a timely significance, as the very man who spat upon them and spurned them in 1903-1904, and by the glamour of his personality stampeded the voters to condone the dishonor, is now trying to stampede the nation that he may win the Presidential nomination from the great party which he basely betrayed and the election to the Presidency from the nation which in his official capacity he basely dishonored. I deeply regret myself that our Government did not with all its power protest to Germany against the criminal invasion of Belgium, but I cannot close my eyes to the fact that when Theodore Roosevelt vilifies President Wilson for his failure to do so, it is a case of Satan rebuking sin.

George L. Fox.

New Haven, Conn., February 1.

MR. BRANDEIS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: When the President appointed Mr. Brandeis to the Supreme Court, one of the immediately voiced objections was that he was a "radical," too socialistic in his tendencies, and in general too heedful of popular theories. I have no expression of approval or disapproval of the appointment to offer, but I should like to comment upon the significance of the objection referred to.

Mr. Brandeis's politics, or his race, or his views on suffrage or the use of intoxicants make him personally pleasing or obnoxious, but are not thought of as affecting his actual fitness for the judicial office. The fact that he is a radical is proffered, however, as detracting from his judicial qualifications. It does affect them. Radicalism upon the bench is a powerful force against conservatism. It is true that adjudications from even the Supreme Bench are bound by the law; the judge can not stray outside the limits thereof, however broad may be his views. But what are the limits of the law? Has the judge himself no power to widen them if he feels so inclined, staying the while wholly within the function of his office?

On the continent of Europe the judges are for the most part forbidden the exercise of any such power. The law is positively declared for them by legislative bodies, and they are required to wrest every case that comes before them into the scope of these established rules. Anglo-Saxon judges have never been confined to any such positive legislative declarations of rule. By far the

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greater part of Anglo-Saxon law has come into being in some way other than legislation by specially authorized bodies. This part is ordinarily, though not precisely, called the Common Law, sometimes the Law of Custom.

According to the one-time prevalent theory, the substance of the rules of the Common Law was derived originally from the customs, the immemorial customs, of the people. The idea was that behind all human justice, and quite transcendent of it, was an absolute "right" which was a part of the fundamental creation of the world and of man. It was generally called the "natural right," and was formulated into the "law of nature." "To say that there is nothing just or unjust but what is commanded or forbidden by positive laws, is the same as saying that before the describing of a circle, all the radii were not equal." So says Montesquieu; and Blackstone declared of it, "No human laws are of any validity if contrary to this; and such of them as are valid derive all their force and all their authority mediately or immediately from this original."

But conceding that there was such a natural right, it had to be recognized that men might differ as to what its particulars were, as to what should be the result of its application to specific circumstances. In England, the Legislature, as represented by the King and later by Parliament, had never been very active. When, therefore, the courts were called upon to decide a controversy in accord with natural right, they could not look to legislative enactments for its rules. But they had not authority, they said, to formulate for themselves the natural law. They looked for it, therefore, in the judgment of the people, and sought to discover the substance of natural law in the expression of immemorial popular custom. The courts could not, theoretically, recognize as indicative of natural law any custom which was not immemorial. But neither could they recognize as law anything which was not indicated by such custom. Judges vigorously and explicitly asserted that they themselves made no law, that they merely found it.

The practice of the courts, however, even when this theory was most generally accepted, shows that it was a fiction only. The courts have always, as need arose, given substantial expression to certain particulars of the natural right, the authority for which could not be found in popular custom. The cases in which this has occurred show generally that it was done on a basis of reason as to what seemed "right" under all the circumstances. In so far as they were correctly reasoned, subsequent courts felt bound to follow them, and made of the formulations true "rules" of law.

Dispute as to what constitutes justice, the natural law, in a particular instance arises out of fact. But new facts are constantly coming into our consciousness; reality is ever changing. Hence new adjudications as to what is the natural right, that part of it applicable to a particular case, are inevitably necessary. Accepted theories of human relations are facts, within the field of judicial contemplation, which should affect these adjudications. The supply of immemorial customs long ago gave out; only reason remains by which to determine this right. These new adjudications, in so far as they are followed by other courts in similar circumstances, become rules of law, and the courts are, therefore, continually and unavoidably making law. Many of them still deny that they do so, and effect it under the guise of searching old cases for old rules which can be applied "by adaptation and extension." But the cover of this fiction has grown exceedingly tenuous. Practically all juristic writers now agree that the courts do, in so far as they determine the just effect of new facts, make the law. As one of them says, "If we would substitute rational theory for ancient and once serviceable fiction, we must recognize that judges have made laws and continue to make laws."

This does not mean at all that our courts have become what another writer, seeking sensation, has called "a judicial oligarchy." They still are bound by that "right" which is transcendent of humanity. It means merely that finite minds can not lay down rules sufficient to cover all the future of reality. The relations arising out of new realities must go unadjudged, that which is new ignored, or else be judged in accord with judicial understanding of the natural law.

Only a little while ago we were all most enthusiastically condemning the conservatism of the law, its tendency to lag behind modern beliefs. If we truly wish to change this condition, one most effective way of doing it is to form our courts of men whose view of reality is not the conservative one of those who wish things to be as they always have been, but the radical one of those who assert that a change has occurred.

JOHN BARKER WAITE.

Ann Arbor, Mich., February 10.

MISS JANE ADDAMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Why turn over to "Tattler" the commission of evaluating Miss Addams at his juncture (*Nation*, February 3)? Surely the war situation is searching enough and Americans with an international vision and programme are few enough for you to estimate her part in it, pro and con, on its broader lines, and not lapse into these crotchets from the capital.

If they show anything, the old incidents cited reveal that sensitiveness and response to human appeal which have characterized Miss Addams from her youth and which have spread the quickening influence of Hull House from "centre to circumference" of Chicago. And we should bear in mind that throughout these years the city has been whelmed by racial floods fed by the same springs from which the armies of Europe are recruited. If the present circumstances show anything, they show the same quick sympathies and broad vision, the same eagerness to do her uttermost at "unfamiliar burdens," and the same willingness to pay the price, if need be, in the loss of good opinion by an old constituency slower to feel and comprehend than she.

Miss Addams may be wrong in her present espousals; right or wrong, she would be the last to wish to be spared counterblasts of criticism, but those who have been close to her know that in this crisis as in others she has repeatedly put behind her any pride of judgment and put reliance in the welling social impulses which she feels in the common life. It was this spirit of youth and high courage to risk misunderstanding and failure which made Hull House what it is; which has brought down upon it time and again just such hand-wringing disparagement; which has kept it from being institutionalized into a prison-shrine where youth and courage could not be free for fear of jeopardizing what sheltered them. When that spirit goes, Miss Addams will have gone and Hull House will not be Hull House, but what it was confessedly pigeonholed as being in the mind of your affronted reviewer—merely a "magnificent monument to its founder and chief promoter."

PAUL U. KELLOGG.

New York, February 7.

NAVIGATION ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With one of the greatest floods of recent years sweeping down the Mississippi River, the old question of the control of the stream again comes to the fore. We who live behind the levees now feel that, with the formation of a special committee in Congress to deal with the subject, there is reasonable ground to believe that the matter will be adequately dealt with within the present generation.

Too long has the Mississippi River been dealt with not as a subject for investigation, but of superstition, and the late Mark Twain was probably the father or foster-father of this superstition. Shortly stated, this is it: That the channel of the Mississippi River is filling up; that this makes impossible the ultimate control of the stream. If this superstition should be knocked on the head, the final control of the river almost solves itself, for the matter then settles itself into a question of bank revetment and adequate levees.

And now comes Major T. G. Dabney, chief engineer of the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta Levee District, in a pamphlet entitled "The Mississippi Embayment," and deals this old superstition a resounding whack. The best known river engineer in the valley, with forty years of river experience behind him, Major Dabney reviews the opinions of the geologists who have investigated the question, and shows that the present river not only is *not* filling up, but that it has had a very small influence in building the great level floor which stretches from Cairo, Illinois, to the Gulf.

Accepting, as Major Dabney does, the theory that the stiff clay soils of the embayment belong to the group known as the Port Hudson formation, the writer points out that this leaves as the only possible deposit which the river could have built up the thin skim of loam which overlies the Port Hudson clay. He cites Professors Hilgard and Hopkins to substantiate the proposition that the Port Hudson formation antedates the activities of the present river.

Now this loam formation is amazingly small. Heaviest near the river itself, it thins out to nothing only a short distance from the river banks. If it has taken the river ages to lay this scanty mantle over the Port Hudson clay, then the actual deposit of silt from the river itself is so small as to be negligible. In other words, the amount of solid matter which is emptied into the Gulf is practically equal to the amount which passes Cairo, Illinois.

It is well known to all persons living along the Mississippi that the sand-bars and "towheads" are almost entirely derived from caving banks a short distance up-stream. Once this caving is stopped by revetments, the

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question of keeping the channel open for navigation becomes a simple one. But the magnitude of the problem of keeping open the channel under present conditions is appalling in view of Major Dabney's statement that ten millions of cubic yards of material tumbled from one caving bank, two miles in length, into the stream during one period of high water. It is interesting to note that this dangerous bend has been securely revetted, and that the caving has ceased.

It is this shifting about of the banks which makes impossible the handling of river freights by modern methods. No steamboat company can risk the building of adequate unloading facilities when the river may, without warning, move off and leave them high and dry on the banks. And so to-day steamboat freights are loaded and unloaded by costly hand labor instead of by machinery.

The river towns to-day obtain their coal by rail because the difficulty and cost of handling the coal on the river bank are too great. Yet automobiles, which can get on and off the boats under their own power, are shipped on the river in ever increasing numbers. Engines, boilers, and heavy machinery rarely reach the river towns by water, for the simple reason that the "roustabouts" cannot handle this class of freight.

CHARLES W. CLARK.

Clarksdale, Miss., February 14.

INTELLECT AND EMOTION ON THE STAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In discussing "The Secret of Salvini," you say: "The processes of Salvini were intellectual, calculated, not emotional. . . . He knew that to feel—which has nothing to do with appreciation—was to fail."

Is the latter statement true? Marie Malibran was the greatest actress as well as the most renowned operatic singer of her day, perhaps of the nineteenth century. Was she, on the stage, "cool as an iceberg"? Alfred de Musset tells us in his stanzas "à la Malibran":

Quelques bouquets de fleurs te rendraient-ils si vaine,
Pour venir nous verser de vrais pleurs sur la scène,
Lorsque tant d'histrions et d'artistes fameux,
Couronnés mille fois, n'en ont pas dans les yeux?

Ne savais-tu donc pas, comédienne imprudente,
Que ces cris insensés qui te sortaient du cœur
De ta joue amaigrie augmentaient la pâleur?

Ne sentais-tu donc pas que ta belle jeunesse
De tes yeux fatigués s'écoulait en ruisseaux,
Et de ton noble cœur s'exhalait en sanglots?

Human nature has not changed so much in two thousand years that the rule, "si vis me fiere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi," can have lost its meaning. R. W. SHANNON.

Regina, Sask., January 11.

AN INSTRUCTOR'S POINT OF VIEW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of Mr. Villard's frank article on "The Pay of Professors" (*Nation*, January 13), and as one of the many "instructors" who are teaching in American colleges and universities, I should like to say a word about "the salaries of some of the teachers lowest in grade." Although the issue I have with Mr. Villard is slight—consisting solely of his subtle implication that the share of the million-dollar fund at Brown used to increase the pay of the teachers at the bottom of the scale was money unwisely spent—and although I frankly confess my point of view to be provincial, I should like, nevertheless, to voice my feeble cry against the nightmare of poor pay. Furthermore, I should count it a distinct favor if some one would write me a letter and tell me that I am a deluded and unfortunate exception to a rule and a condition far more golden than I see them.

I agree with everything that Mr. Villard has said in favor of higher maximum salaries for full professors. But "deplorable" as the "state of affairs" is at Brown and, I dare say, many other institutions, as regards the full professor, is not the state of the "instructor" a deal more lamentable? I am teaching in a small college of something over three hundred students with a faculty that numbers under twenty-five. In the department in which I work there are about 160 students, all engaged in the seemingly unimportant task of learning to write the English language correctly, or forcefully, or gracefully, as the case may be. Freshman composition is compulsory. This fact accounts for the presence of about 120 men. It is with these that I have to deal. In the course of an average week I teach six hours, prepare for the giving of that instruction, read, grade, and criticise, in writing, about 350 "daily" and forty "fortnightly" themes, and give an undeterminate amount of time to laggards and "hopeless cases." All of this consumes from thirty-six to forty hours of time. And for these approximately 1,300 hours of nerve-sapping service, during the year, I receive the handsome sum of $800. These are the bald statements. Any one who is at all acquainted with college machinery knows that chapel attendance and the many other obligations and courtesies incident to an official connection with a college faculty take an appreciable amount of one's time.

That is not where the claws pinch, however. In my college there are two full professors whose combined salaries total $3,700—a "deplorable" "state of affairs" in itself—who spend, together, a conservative fifty hours every week in the teaching of two ancient and honorable languages. The "instructor" in a certain science and I give a conservative eighty hours every week to the college, and receive, together, $1,500 per annum. This manner of speech smacks of the disappointed schoolboy, I know, and is, indeed, but idle quibbling, because this part of the discussion can be reduced to the question of whether a man should be paid for what he knows or for what he does with his knowledge.

Fortunately, I am a normal, healthy man. Consequently I am married, at the surprisingly immature age of twenty-seven. This is my second year of college teaching; and I've begun to awake to the fact that the system of "instructorship," in my own college at least, is unjust to the "instructors." It is next to impossible for them to live free-spirited, well-rounded lives till they have passed on, by the stones M.A. and Ph.D., to an assistant or associate professorship; for, as I see it, the college would rather have an inexperienced and, by nature of the case, a more or less inefficient man at seven or eight hundred dollars a year, than an experienced and, therefore, a more or less capable man at a decent living wage. In the meanwhile, what is there in life for the "instructor" save stress and grind?

All honor to the full professor; may his tribe increase and his salary too. I do not mean to cast the shadow of a slur upon him, either here at my college or elsewhere. What I do speak for is the more effective teaching in the freshman classes and laboratories of our colleges that would surely result from an increase in the pay of the "instructors." It is for no large thing that I ask. I, myself, could do very well, at present, on $1,000 or $1,200 a year. Should not $1,000 be the "minimum wage" for the teaching force in colleges? Really now? If it were so, I, for one, I am sure, could view the future with a trifle more confidence than I now have. I then might hope, with an assurance that I do not now possess, for the time to take another degree or two, to read a little more than I now do, to write that long dreamed-of story, and to enjoy more the companionship of my wife. AN INSTRUCTOR.

SPENSER'S SATIRES ON AYLMER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to correct an error of detail in O. J. C., Jr.'s account of the meeting of the Modern Language Association in your issue of January 20 (page 80). Spenser's satires on Aylmer, particularly in the February eclogue of "The Shepheardes Calendar," are there confused with the personal satire in "Mother Hubberdes Tale," an element which, I think, cannot be placed with confidence earlier than 1590. The "golden chaine" alluding to the marriage of Elizabeth's favorite more aptly recalls the marriage of Essex in 1590 than that of Leicester in 1578. At least it would be so understood at the time of publication in 1591.

PERCY W. LONG.

Harvard University, February 15.

LYNCHING THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I protest in your columns against certain atrocities committed by the cultured of our own land upon our mother tongue? In the English version of "Belgium's Agony," I find it written that innocent civilians were *hung*. Even a translator might have refrained from adding insult. But this is not all. In a French text recently edited by a professor at the University of Chicago, I read: "In 1478, as the result of a conspiracy, Julien de' Medici was killed in the cathedral; whereupon Lorenzo had the conspirators *hung*." And finally, O tempora! O mores! in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, it is written of Friar Juniper, that "in imminent danger of being *hung*, he was honestly amused." Well, I was not. B. M. W.

Austin, Texas, February 15.

"IL PROCESSO DI VERRES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I take this opportunity of inquiring whether any American scholar or any American library has a copy of Cicotti, "Il Processo di Verres," Milan, 1895? I should be under great obligations to any one who could place a copy of this work at my disposal for a short time. A search of the chief libraries has been fruitless; hence this request.

CHAS. E. BENNETT,
Goldwin Smith Professor of Latin, Cornell University.

Ithaca, February 12.

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Literature

THE GERMAN CLASSICS.

The German Classics. Masterpieces of German Literature. Translated into English. Twenty volumes, illustrated. New York: The German Publication Society.

The anthology of German literature, from the time of Goethe to the present day, projected by an extensive editorial organization, with Prof. Kuno Francke as its head, has been completed in twenty stately volumes. The early volumes were noticed in previous issues of the *Nation*, but a critical survey of the entire work is now in place.

The plan has, on the whole, been consistently carried out, and its execution attests, in general, the scholarly competence of the various writers, almost all American college professors, to whom the biographical and critical essays on the classics chosen were entrusted. Their contributions are followed by representative specimens of dramas, novels, essays, etc.—sometimes complete works, sometimes condensed abstracts, occasionally only a poem or two. Of the twenty volumes, the first three are devoted to Goethe and Schiller, the last four to such moderns as Hauptmann, Sudermann, Liliencron, Dehmel, Ricarda Huch, Wedekind, Frenssen, Schnitzler, Fulda, and Hofmannsthal. The bulk of the work is thus taken up by writers who have already found an established place in German literature. Philosophers like Fichte, Hegel, Schelling, Schleiermacher, and Schopenhauer have not been neglected. All told, a little over 100 celebrities are commemorated. Unfortunately, little has been done by the editors to help the reader find his way in the maze of names and topics. The work contains no index and no general table of contents, the table of contents of each separate volume being, moreover, pitifully meagre. Inevitably, where so many biographers and critics are allowed to have a free hand, there are repetition, lack of proportion, and occasional overlapping and contradiction. Some important men of letters are without specific biographic notices, only a few details being given, in an article on "Later German Romanticism," concerning such authors as Uhland, Chamisso, Hauff, Rückert, and the Grimms.

No fault can be found with the selection of the classics themselves. Some critics may miss the names of Bodenstedt and Kinkel among the poets, and Laube among the dramatists, but many more, we suspect, will question the soundness of the principle of exclusion which left unrepresented entire classes of men whose genius has given German literature, in the wider sense, the rank it holds. In the editor's preface occurs the statement that the scope of the work was limited to "dramatists, lyric poets, and novelists, and with them not a few essayists, philosophers, orators, and publicists"; and, it is added, "for lack of space, scientists and historians have been excluded." The plea of lack of space, it will be argued, breaks down in view of a principle of inclusion which allows great prominence, among the classics, to statesmen and warriors, such as Bismarck, Moltke, and the present Emperor of Germany. An elaborate attempt is made to justify this inclusion on purely literary grounds. Professor Münsterberg, in his article on "Emperor William II as a National Type," remarks that, if selections from the four volumes of speeches of the Kaiser "are to be linked with the classics of the German language, this must be justified by the inner significance and strength of this imperial contribution to the world's literature," and he cautiously adds: "Yet it is impossible to determine how much this momentous influence resulted from the inner power of these speeches and how much from the imperial position of their author." But in the final analysis Professor Münsterberg welcomes the Emperor to the German Parnassus in this fashion:

> No German personality has given to the literature of the world such a powerful and such a complete expression of these opposing energies in the German mind as Emperor William II. This is the true greatness of his contribution to the documents of his time. The whole richness of the conflicting impulses, the whole complexity of this intellectual equilibrium, the whole struggle of these realistic and idealistic forces, find their natural outlet in these speeches of the political leader. Truly the Emperor speaks and acts as a powerful realist, apparently unhampered by any romanticism or idealism or mysticism.

And thus William II takes his place among the German classics, immediately after Nietzsche.

Now, there have been imperial and royal writers and orators before, and the world has definitively made up its mind as to the value of their productions. It has accepted Marcus Aurelius's "Meditations" and has found merit in Frederick the Great's "Anti-Macchiavel"; it has never lost its admiration for the great Napoleon's addresses to his soldiers; but it has rejected Napoleon III's "Histoire de Jules César." The final verdict of literature knows no favoritism. Applying thus purely literary standards, one cannot go through the speeches of William II without asking what their grandiloquent dilettantism has to do with literature. Bismarck naturally fares better than his imperial master, though even in his speeches, and especially in his correspondence with William I, it is the political and human rather than the literary aspect that attracts attention. Moreover, his "Love Letters" and "Thoughts and Recollections" have long been accessible to English readers, and the space given to them is disproportionate on any plea. Prof. Kuno Francke's "Bismarck as a National Type" is likewise merely a reprint, and much of his fervent eulogy is curious reading at the present time. The dithyrambic conclusion, written before the war, has since acquired a new significance:

> If ever there was a man in whom Fate revealed its moral sovereignty, that man was Bismarck.

Whither has he gone now? Has he joined his compeers? Is he conversing in ethereal regions with Alexander, Cæsar, Frederick? Is he sweeping over land and sea in the whirlwind and the thundercloud? Or may we hope that he is still working out the task which, in spite of all the imperiousness of his nature, was the essence of his earthly life—the task of making the Germans a nation of true freemen?

Moltke's famous "Letters Concerning Conditions and Events in Turkey" have a juster claim to representation, though the note is strained in the preliminary essay on the great strategist, where we read: "Xenophon, Cæsar, Goethe, come to mind in reading Moltke's descriptions, historical expositions, reflections." Involuntarily, in attempting to gauge Moltke's power as a philosophic thinker, one recalls that most famous of all his "reflections," in his letter to Bluntschli:

> Eternal peace is a dream, and not even a beautiful dream, for war is part of God's scheme of the world. In war the noblest qualities of man are developed—courage and renunciation, the sense of duty and self-denial, and all at the risk of life. Without war the world would be swallowed up in the morass of materialism.

Surely, one may ask, if Moltke, together with Bismarck and William II, deserves a place among German classics, why are not thus honored the masters who shaped Moltke's mind? Professor Curtius explains, so we are told, how Moltke "is indebted to the teaching of Karl Ritter, the founder of scientific geography, how he clearly develops under the influence of Niebuhr, Alexander von Humboldt, Leopold von Buch, and Erman, the physicist." These men and their compeers might well have been represented in a work which aims to acquaint American readers with the intellectual treasures of Germany. Her literature is notably rich in masterpieces of popular scientific exposition, such as Helmholtz's "Populär-wissenschaftliche Vorträge," Virchow's "Aufgaben der Naturwissenschaften," Liebig's "Reden und Abhandlungen," and Du Bois-Reymond's similar treatises. The very title of the work before us invites a reopening of the old question, What is a classic? The best definition, says Sainte-Beuve, in his famous essay, "Qu'est-ce qu'un Classique," is an example. Read, he says, Voltaire's "Age of Louis XIV," Montesquieu's "Greatness and Decline of the Romans," Buffon's "Epochs of Nature," the "Savoyard Vicar," and the beautiful reveries and descriptions of nature by Jean Jacques. Now, German literature is great, not only because of its Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Herder, and Heine, but because of the solid body of its great classic thinkers and writers in all departments of intellectual activity. Just as little as French literature dreams of omitting Buffon from its roll of honor ought a work on German classics omit mention of Humboldt's "Ansichten der Natur."

Great literary works, even if their subjects be science, history, or jurisprudence, are

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great in any place. And, conversely, inferior literary productions, no matter how eminent their authors in other than purely literary domains, have no place among literary classics. The hundred pages devoted to the prose works of Richard Wagner are, in this sense, as much wasted as the space given to the speeches of William II. What value is the American reader to attach to the prose writings of a "classic" which are thus characterized by the essayist who introduces them:

"No one save the extreme Wagnerite considers his views on anything disconnected with music of great account. The ideas are interesting from a psychological point of view as showing what a restless, inquisitive brain Wagner had, putting forth tentacles in every direction, but are certainly not worth combating, for the fallacies and contradictions in which he constantly involves himself are too palpable." And what literary classicism is served by the inclusion, among the masterpieces of this work, of Beethoven letters like the following, which we reproduce in its entirety?

To the Composer J. N. Hummel:
(Vienna, circa 1799)

Do not come any more to me. You are a false fellow, and the hangman take all such!
Beethoven.

The best of the Beethoven letters quoted in this collection, however illuminating as to the character of a great genius, are devoid of literary distinction.

The final test of the discrimination of the editors, in a work of this kind, is, however, furnished, not by the articles on, and the extracts from, the authors of a past generation, but by the treatment of the writers of the present day. To these are devoted the last four or five volumes, Gerhart Hauptmann naturally occupying the largest space. The only female writer who has been made the subject of a separate biographic and critical article is Ricarda Huch, the achievements of Helene Böhlau and Clara Viebig being referred to in an essay on "The Contemporary Short Story," by Prof. Julius Petersen, of Basel. Let us quote a few sentences descriptive of those modern tendencies in German literature to which the work gives such prominence. Clara Viebig, we are told, "is the less gentle nature. She is a poetess not so much of the heart and soul as of the impulsive temperament and the strong will. She has not passed through any vacillating development, nor has naturalism been for her, as for Helene Böhlau, a mere preparatory school or transition stage; on the contrary, in all her work she has consistently remained a disciple of Zola and has not shrunk from any of the brutalities of his method." The editors have, indeed, spared the American reader, in what they quote from Clara Viebig and similar writers, the grosser aspects of the naturalist school of modern Germany, but the cumulative effect of much of the latter-day drama, novel, and lyricism is unavoidably depressing. The total output brings back Goethe's lines:

Mir will das kranke Zeug nicht munden,
Autoren sollten erst gesunden.

Not here do we find the Germany of Goethe and Heine, the poetry of her woods and hills and castles and villages. The predominating note in modern German song is one of rebellion or resignation, often of despair. The city of to-day, with its miseries and vices, has become the frequent theme of present-day poetry, and Nietzsche's philosophy of life stares at us from the lyrics of his disciples. But we may still escape their oppressive gloom and emerge into the serener atmosphere of earlier writers, the poets and dramatists of Austrian peasant life, well represented in these volumes by Anzengruber and Rosegger. Karl Schönherr, in a sense their disciple, the author of the powerful drama, "Faith and Fireside," seems, in his later plays and stories, to drift away from his predecessors. Evidently, the laurels of Hauptmann and Sudermann will not let him rest. With the earlier Austrian writers may be classed, for their realistic idealism, that group of German-Swiss authors, appropriately placed in a volume by themselves—chief among them Gottfried Keller and Conrad Ferdinand Meyer—who are among the greatest ornaments of German novelistic literature of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Something remains to be said of what Professor Francke, in his preface, has justly characterized as "the crux of the whole undertaking, namely, the correctness and adequacy of the translations." Now, the plan of resorting only in part to original translations and using what was ready to hand in previously existing English versions of well-known German works, has resulted not only in confusion to the reader (who is left in the dark as to whether any given translation has been published before), but has made it impossible for the editors to exercise sufficient discrimination in their choice. There is a woful falling off from ideal standards in some of the translations borrowed from older works. These, generally British, offenders contrast very unfavorably with original translators in these volumes, like Prof. A. I. du P. Coleman and Dr. Charles Wharton Stork, whose work, in several instances, reaches a high level of excellence. One is indeed grateful that no American hand was responsible for such a befogging literalness as that displayed in the translation of the following passage in Hebbel's essay on Ludolf Wienbarg:

All these full-flowing songs and romances were finished before the nobly calm power that called them into being concentrated itself for the creation of a dramatic work; and in truth they do not bear on their forehead the red fever spots of aspiration groping in the dark, which does not find what it seeks and therefore clasps in its arms the object over which it stumbles.

As might have been expected, Heine fares worst at the hands of his translators, chiefly foreign. *Traduttore, tradittore.* Still, some of Mr. Stork's versions are as successful as any attempts to turn Heine into English with which we are familiar.

The imperfections of many of the translations are a double injustice to a nation which has always had reason to pride itself upon the excellence of its renderings of the literary masterpieces of so many other countries. The beauties of English lyric poetry, in particular, have been made familiar to Germans in translations of extraordinary effectiveness. One looks in vain, in these volumes, for English counterparts of such German triumphs of versification as Gildemeister's Shakespeare Sonnets, Freiligrath's "Ancient Mariner," Strodtmann's "Raven," to which might be added hundreds of similar masterly productions. The prose versions of the American translators are sometimes as successful as their verse, Prof. Alfred Remy's rendering of Grillparzer's "Der arme Spielmann" being a notable instance.

If the anthology, on the whole, fails to impress the American reader with an adequate sense of the greatness of German literature, the fault lies not only in the imperfections we have noted, and the unfortunate character of some of the selections, but—and perhaps chiefly—in the jarring over-emphasis of values other than literary. We can give only one or two characteristic examples. In an essay on "The Life of Gustav Freytag," the German novelist, as has so often been done, is compared with Dickens, and on the whole the verdict is favorable to the English writer. "To say that 'Debit and Credit' is a finer book than 'Dombey and Son' is not to claim that Freytag, all in all, is a greater novelist than Dickens"; but what, after all, is Freytag's supreme merit in the eyes of this critic?

Elegance of style, orderliness of arrangement, consecutiveness of thought alone would never have given Freytag his place in German literature. All these had first to be consecrated to the service of a great idea. That idea as expressed in "Debit and Credit" is that the hope of the German nation rests in its steady commercial or working class. He shows the dignity, yes, the poetry of labor. The nation had failed to secure the needed political reforms, to the bitter disappointment of numerous patriots; Freytag's mission was to teach that there were other things worth while besides these constitutional liberties of which men had so long dreamed and for which they had so long struggled.

Thus again the political note obtrudes itself in a literary appraisal. Another sample of the almost naïve injection of national or ethical considerations into literary criticism occurs in the biographical sketch of Adolf Wilbrandt. We read:

Among the best of his novels not already mentioned are "The Rothenburgers" and "Franz," in which he celebrates the character of his native land. He believes that of modern men the German is not only the simplest and most normal, but is also the natural leader of the world toward the future ideals of the race.

And of Wilbrandt's "Master of Palmyra," characterized as the greatest imaginative play in German literature since "Faust," we are assured that "the success of the whole is founded, above all, upon the moral eleva-

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tion and spiritual consistency of the main character of the play"—which would seem to bear hard upon "Faust" itself. Instinctively, the English reader learns to distrust judgments of such marked national bias, and he longs for the guidance of a critic of international breadth. But it may be unreasonable to look, in an anthology of this kind, for the warning voice of a Sainte-Beuve, in his *Causerie* on "Public Evening Readings":

I should wish the lecturer dwelling on the beauties and grandeur of our literature and national history to guard against repeating what is so constantly said, in colleges and even in academies, on solemn occasions: that the French are the greatest and most sensible of all nations, and our literature the greatest of all literatures. I should wish him to content himself with saying that it is one of the finest, and that the world did not begin and does not end with us.

CURRENT FICTION.

I Pose. By Stella Benson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is an exuberant and at times witty, but too often merely sprightly, extravaganza of unreal life. The hero is the whimsical and irresponsible young man who has been so popular in recent fiction: the young man who, with a heart of gold, gives his energies to the problem of always saying and doing the unexpected thing. He is called "the Gardener," and starts upon his adventures as here recorded in company with a flower in a pot, which he calls Hilda. On page 12 he encounters a militant suffragette; and, after permitting her to say, "Votes for Women!" the author assures the reader, in a parenthesis, "You need not be afraid. There is not going to be so very much about the cause in this book." Perhaps this is where the main pose comes in, for a very large part of the book is about "the cause." We guess that this is really accident—that the writer set out to be merely extravagant and amusing, and dropped into a habit. At all events, the suffragette becomes heroine; and after some vivacious adventurings on shipboard and in the Trinity Islands, escapes from the Gardener and returns to London, where the cause at once takes the stage. The Gardener returns and finds the suffragette and persuades her to be a woman and his wife. The thrill of the book is furnished at the moment of their subsequent tryst, when, with wedlock a few moments away, the suffragette blows up herself and other things with a bomb. The Gardener is, we gather, left looking rather foolish.

The Bottle-Fillers. By Edward Noble. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The novelist of purpose is to be commiserated only when he fails to make his narrative embody his purpose. The present writer has written out of a very strong conviction that matters are wrong with the British merchant marine. He has wished to protest against the conditions under which cargo steamers may, under the English law, be sent to sea; against the wicked risk of human life which has been deliberately taken for the sake of the owners' pockets. This is all very well. But he is not content to tell a story which by sheer force and poignancy shall bring home the facts. He cannot let them alone as a subject for lecturing. He cannot resist the temptation to rub in his point. A very large number of the too many pages of this book are occupied by the author, speaking in his own person upon the theme with which his mind is really far more occupied than it is with the fortunes of his human exemplars. One is reminded of Dickens's methods of attacking debtors' prisons and so many other public abuses of his time. But Dickens's preachments were lifted from banality by his sheer genius. The present story-teller is merely a writer of considerable talent who has here taken his gift in vain. The thing is too didactic, too long-drawn; the reader tires of waiting for that final wiping out of young Captain O'Hagan and his young wife which is so clearly foreshadowed from the beginning.

Persuasive Peggy. By Maravene Thompson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Here is a series of marital episodes demonstrating how to have your own way though married, and amounting almost to a handbook for young wives. Sweet Peggy never asked if she might, but always announced that she was going to. If her husband then showed any symptoms of active opposition, Peggy always kissed him before she disciplined him. Peculiar virtue resides in this order of procedure, we are encouraged to believe. Peggy always remained serenely resolute until she had attained her end, then melted adorably into apologies and compunctions, tenderness and tears. Thus she contrived to bring a constitutionally unprogressive husband up to date, and at the same time keep him supremely happy. The revelation is explicit and complete—how the modern feminist, with all her endearing young charms, may still practice the ancient and honorable art of leading a husband by the nose.

Held to Answer. By Peter Clark Macfarlane. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

This narrative was printed serially in a popular weekly, and its publishers announce that it has had a record advance sale among the booksellers. Its well-advertised and rather sensational autobiographical character has probably done much to produce the attention of a certain kind of audience. The author, like his hero, has been a railwayman, an actor, a book agent, a parson. As autobiography, the book is marked with a certain crude vigor, the expression of an immense moral complacency. Where it ceases to be autobiography, it becomes melodrama. The business of the diamond theft, and the ensuing action, might make a good popular "movie" plot. Its treatment altogether lacks literary skill. There are hints here and there of true local color and atmosphere, notably in the picture of the little "Christian Chapel," with its wretched squabbles and almost touchingly helpless humanity. But the figures of the story, though many of them doubtless drawn from the life, are ill-drawn. There is not one of them, with the possible exception of the saintly elder's wife, who gives us the thrill of human contact. In short, as fiction, this can only be disposed of under that heading of "quack novel" which Mr. Owen Wister the other day invented for our convenience.

The Promise. By James B. Hendryx. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is a hybrid of good conventional melodrama with brutal sub-Arctic adventure story. The conquering hero is an old friend; in college a famous halfback, a champion amateur boxer—"a man of mighty muscles, of red blood, and of iron." His father is a cold-blooded millionaire. After leaving college, Bill has neglected the duties of his subordinate position in the office, and "played the game from Harlem to the Battery." The heroine, it is painful to say, is much older than the hero, though the author does not so represent her. She is one of those lovely and sentimental creatures, passive and prone to faint, who date back to the novels of the eighteenth century. The villain, too, has a familiar look—ugly and brutal, of gigantic strength, and unhampered by a single scruple. Banished from home by an indignant father after a disgraceful escapade, and dismissed with cold disapproval by the angelic Ethel, Bill starts for the West. In a train wreck he saves the life of a lumber king, and as a reward is sent to learn the lumber business in a Northwestern camp presided over by the Satanic Moncrossen. From this point our author follows the trail so well blazed by Jack London and others. Any one who wishes to learn how a demon wolf and her pack can be slaughtered by a football hero with a knife and a small axe, or how a man's nose sounds when it is smashed by a powerful fist, can obtain the information in the course of the crimson-blooded narrative. It is almost needless to add that the hero emerges triumphant from a series of labors rivalling those of Hercules, or that he combines the temperance of Daniel with the chastity of Joseph.

Over Paradise Ridge. By Maria Thompson Daviess. New York: Harper & Bros.

It is true that in "Over Paradise Ridge" bees hum and blackberries blossom, beets and onions grow to succulent sweetness, and then are sacrificed in their early youth to pay the same old mortgage; true that Sam, the hero, is big and brawny, but with the tender heart of a woman; that he "reeks of mother earth"—even an artist such as Miss Davies has proved herself can't resist the lure of realism—and has crisp curly hair, while Betty also wears familiar

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habiliments, is blue-eyed, slim, maternal, and a bit of an heiress, fluttering between the "two young men who come a courting me." But Miss Davies has the gift. Her people are funny and natural and wise and silly as the case may be, and Peter, the poet, is served up on toast in a way that shows she knows how they do things in the metropolis, as well as in the farm kitchen. As for Betty, she is delightful, though she does cry pretty often and keeps Sam's shirt bosom in a state of continual limpness.

THE RESETTLEMENT OF EUROPE AFTER THE WAR.

The Great Settlement. By C. Ernest Fayle. With maps. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.75 net.

Though there is more in America than in Europe of what is called Pacificism, for each great European nation is occupied in declaring that nothing less than victory will bring the war to a close, it is natural that many European writers should propound solutions of the numerous and difficult questions of territorial adjustment which the triumph of either belligerent combination will raise. The Germans, assuming their victory already assured, have been debating how much they shall take, whether all Belgium and a large strip of northern France as far as Calais, or something less, yet sufficient to establish their control over Belgium and place Antwerp in their hands. Poland is to be set up as a kingdom, of course under German protection, and part of the Baltic provinces of Russia are to be annexed to Germany. So, on the other hand, in France, while all writers demand the restitution of Alsace and Lorraine, some few wish to strip Germany of part at least of her territory west of the lower Rhine. The English books, however, which handle these subjects have been the most numerous, and are in a way the most instructive, because they discuss the issues on the basis of nationality rather than of aims distinctively British; and are therefore obliged to supply facts regarding the race, religion, and aspirations of the peoples concerned.

The work now before us adds another to a long list, in which Mr. A. Toynbee's "Nationality and the War," and another Oxford product, "War and Democracy," figure as among the best. Mr. Fayle's book is shorter than either of these, and goes into fewer geographical details. It is, however, well worth reading, both for its straightforward directness of statement and for the tone of moderation and good sense which pervades it. If the knowledge shown does not go very deep, the errors of fact are few and slight. The author sees where the difficulties lie, and he treats them circumspectly. It may be worth while to summarize the proposals it contains, since these seem to represent pretty fairly the general current of opinion among English writers. Like them, he assumes the victory of the Allies, and a victory sufficient to enable them to dictate terms. It is on this hypothesis that the argument proceeds: (1.) The resettlement of Europe is to be treated as a "European" question, *i. e.*, neutral nations as well as the belligerents are to be permitted to join in it; (2) the main principle to be followed is that of nationality, including not only race, but religious sentiment; economic and geographical and strategic considerations are to be, however, regarded. (3.) Poland is to be reconstituted as an autonomous kingdom, under Russian protection, Prussian Posen and the Polish part of Austrian Galicia being included in it. (4.) The Ruthenian parts of Galicia are to be given to Russia. (5.) Bohemia and Moravia are to be constituted into an autonomous kingdom, but dependent on or protected by Austria. The Slovaks of northern Hungary, who are ethnologically very near to the Bohemian Czechs, may be added to this kingdom. (6.) The Serbs of Servia, Croatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina are to form a South Slav State ("Jugoslavia"); and this state may be further enlarged by the inclusion of the ethnically cognate Slovenes of Carinthia and Carniola, if these peoples so desire. The Slavs of the Austrian province of Slavonia and of Dalmatia may also come in. Italy has no doubt some claims to the Dalmatian coast towns, but it might be better for her to waive these rather than embarrass herself by trying to rule the districts mainly Slav in which they stand. No reference is made to the still unpublished Italian treaty with England and France, which was not known when the book was written.

(7.) Albania should be an independent state under an Italian protectorate. (8.) Montenegro (which had not when the book was written been overrun by Austria) should receive the town of Skodra (or Scutari), which she conquered recently. (9.) Rumania ought to be enlarged by those parts of Transylvania, southeastern Hungary, and Bukowina which are inhabited by Rumanians; possibly also (if Russia will consent) by the Rumanian districts of Bessarabia. Thus from three to four millions would be added to her population. (10.) Bulgaria is entitled to the southern part of what is now Servian Macedonia, from the river Struma westward to Monastir, and ought also to recover Adrianople, and some now Turkish country down to the Sea of Marmora. (11.) The problem of Constantinople offers great difficulties; and though the ideal solution would be to make it a free port under international control, it will be hard to refuse it to Russia. (12.) Italy will, of course, have the Trentino, and probably should have Triest, under provisions for making that port a free outlet for the trade of the country behind. (13.) The isles of the Ægean should go to Greece, even (it would seem) those now held by Italy. (14.) France must recover Alsace and Lorraine (with the possible exception of some small, purely German, districts), unless she should consent to, and the inhabitants should desire, its constitution as a small neutral state. (15.) The Danes of North Sleswick, numbering about 140,000, should be transferred to Denmark, from which they have been unjustly severed since 1864.

The effect of these changes would be to deprive the western part of the present Austro-Hungarian monarchy of everything except the German-speaking provinces, Upper and Lower Austria, Tyrol, and parts of Styria and Carinthia, while cutting down the Hungarian part of it on the north, southeast, and southwest. The German provinces would then probably gravitate to the German Empire, and the Magyars be left alone, an island amid an environing flood of Slavs and Rumanians. Like some other recent British writers, Mr. Fayle is unduly hard upon the Magyars. They—and the same remark applies to the Bulgarians—have had "a bad press." Their misdeeds have been somewhat exaggerated. They have no doubt been too much disposed to Magyarize their subjects of other races, but in eastern Europe every race tends to abuse its predominance, and their policy has been no harsher than (if so harsh as) that which the Germans have followed in Posen and Alsace. Everywhere in Europe it seems to be assumed that a different Austria will come out of the war, for while the friends of the Slavs, like Mr. Fayle, are cutting her up in the interests of the principal nationalities, the Germans are putting forward plans for much closer relations, both commercial and political, between her and their own Empire, relations not likely to be welcome to Hungarian patriots.

Our author touches more briefly on the questions which will arise regarding the colonial possessions of the belligerent nations, and scarcely glances at those which relate to the Turkish Empire in Asia. These are perhaps the most perplexing of all the problems ahead. The Germans have long avowed their purpose to expand to the southeast in a way which would establish their control all through Asia Minor and Mesopotamia. The Allied Powers, on the other hand, could not allow Ottoman rule to continue over the Christian races, whom the Turks have treated with such atrocious cruelty. There are said to be still a few Turcophiles left in France and England, but they will hardly venture to emerge from their holes to support a Government which has just been massacring nearly a million of its Christian subjects. It is believed that Italy, France, Russia, and England have all formed plans for the disposal of the greater part of Asiatic Turkey, while among the Jews hopes have sprung up of arrangements which would facilitate their colonization of Palestine.

The later chapters of Mr. Fayle's book are devoted to discussing the economic and moral factors of the settlement. He examines fully the proposals made by many persons in France and England for exacting heavy war indemnities from Germany, and presents strong arguments, both economic and political, against such a policy, save as respects Belgium, whose case is exceptional, for she was not strictly a belligerent, but attacked because she adhered to the obligations which her neutrality prescribed. He is also decidedly opposed to the suggestion that

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the Allied states should create a Zollverein of their own, to carry on economic warfare against Germany, observing that it might very well injure Britain herself, besides raising difficulties with the tariff systems of her self-governing dominions. "To adopt measures of fiscal retaliation as a continuation of the war is open to grave objections that are not merely economic. To associate the war settlement with the creation of a Zollverein by the Allies, aimed at the crippling of German trade, would not only compromise their proclamations of disinterestedness and prolong indefinitely the hatreds and suspicions caused by the war: it would involve an acceptance of the whole Prussian theory of the relations of states, and effectually defeat the efforts of the reform party in Germany" (pp. 238-9). These reflections are sound, and, indeed, the whole concluding part of the book, with its consideration of the possibilities of establishing a permanent peace after the war, if possible with the concurrence of the United States, is marked by temperate feeling and quiet good sense, qualities apt to be scarce among men engaged in deadly strife.

LAFCADIO HEARN AS CRITIC.

Interpretations of Literature. By Lafcadio Hearn. Selected and edited with an Introduction by John Erskine. 2 vols. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $6 net.

From 1896 to 1902 Hearn lectured on English literature in the University of Tokyo. He used no manuscript, but dictated slowly, and from the careful notes of a number of his pupils the present volumes have been edited by Professor Erskine. The style is naturally not that to which we have grown accustomed in Hearn's written works; but the terse and clear sentences bear evidence of being a close transcript of the spoken language. As for the matter, we may discount the editor's enthusiastic belief that it is the finest body of criticism in English since the day of Coleridge, even "in some unequalled by anything in Coleridge," and still place the essays very high. In some ways they will be a surprise to those who have thought they knew their Hearn pretty well. Though here and there the critic slips on some trifle, yet the scholarship is more minute and the reading displayed is wider than might have been expected. One odd blunder is plainly due to the transcribers and should have been detected by the editor. In the chapter on Poe, the critic is made to say that "fear and beauty, as the Greeks anciently established, are essential to great tragedy," where it is perfectly clear from a statement a few lines lower down that Hearn was using the common Aristotelian formula of "fear and pity." Another point of surprise is the excellence of his judgment. That Hearn would show a refined and subtle sympathy with certain classes of writers, every one would expect; but it might not have been predicted that his taste would be so normal and on the whole well balanced as it shows itself in these pages.

It is perhaps unfortunate that the lectures open with a set discussion of romantic and classic principles, in which Hearn's limitations as a philosophical critic are emphasized at the very outset. Classicism, in his mind, is identified with eighteenth-century pseudo-classicism, and means to him merely conservatism, restraint, fear of innovation, and lack of imagination. Against this bogey he sets up romanticism as the freedom of the personality which "especially belongs to the higher ranges of intellectual culture and of emotional sensibility." This belated contrast of classicism as a dead rationalism with romanticism as a living power of the imagination we might have set down to mere ignorance on Hearn's part, were it not that some of our university professors in high places are saying and writing the same sort of thing—not from ignorance exactly, but from lack of philosophic consideration of the function of the imagination.

But if Hearn is deficient in theory, his practice is good. His preferences run quite naturally to those more romantic writers who show affinity with his own mind, but he is by no means blind to poets of another school. At the very beginning there are capital little studies of Crabbe and Cowper, and in general his range of sympathy is wide. Only occasionally does some eccentricity of taste come out sharply. One of these occasions is in the chapter on Pessimists, where, after rather an obtuse appreciation of Matthew Arnold, he finds it curiously necessary to warn his hearers "against over-estimation of Arnold either as a poet or as a philosopher," and then passes immediately to saying "a good word for Constance Naden, because it has become a fashion for conventional critics either to mention her with contempt or not mention her at all." It is easy to understand why Hearn should have disliked Arnold; all romanticists of his type do; but why, we ask, this outburst for Constance Naden (poetess to us unknown)? Chiefly, it appears, because she had been praised by Herbert Spencer. But, though he slipped here, Hearn's judgment is likely to be better in dealing with the poets than with prose-writers—and occasionally with a poet whom we might have expected to leave him cold. One of the best of all the chapters is the long and highly appreciative chapter on Longfellow—a really admirable piece of criticism. It may be commended heartily to those who affect a rather snobbish superiority to the charms of that poet. In prose, particularly in fiction, Hearn is less certain in his gait, and is inclined to run into rather dubious enthusiasms. It is pleasant, no doubt, to hear Bulwer's novels adequately praised, but is "A Strange Story" quite so terrible in weird power or quite so artistic as our critic makes it out? And much as one may like the author of "Westward Ho," one may draw back from going such a length as this: "For pure literature, I doubt whether there are two other names in the period we are considering really comparable with that of Charles Kingsley."

In the main these lectures stick pretty close to literature as an art, but now and then the critic turns aside to those questions which lie midway, so to speak, between letters and life; and here again he is in the main as sound as he is brilliant. For an example of this we may refer to his discussion of the contrasted laws of ethics and of evolution, with the application to Byron:

> If Byron was able to influence all Europe, as he really did, it was not by telling, but by suggesting, the truth which I have just been trying to illustrate. He did this quite unconsciously. He was not a philosopher; he was not even a logical thinker. But he forced people to think in a new way. He made them ask themselves whether it was really enough to be simply good in this world, and whether what we have been accustomed to call evil and wicked might not have not only a reason for being, but a certain informal beauty of its own. He infused the whole of European literature for a time with something which, for want of a better name, was called the Satanic spirit; and this Satanic spirit really signified a vague recognition of another law than the law of pure morality—the law of strength, the law of battle, and the splendor of strength even in a bad or cruel cause.

That may be a bit too strongly seasoned with the Spencerian virus to suit all tastes, but in one of the chapters on Shakespeare there is an analysis of pure wickedness as displayed in Iago to the subtlety and penetration of which no one could take exception.

In conclusion we must thank Professor Erskine for his careful editing of what must be regarded as a permanent addition to the not-over-well stocked library of English criticism.

A NOTABLE BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Sources and Literature of English History from the Earliest Times to About 1485. By Charles Gross. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $6 net.

When the late Professor Gross of Harvard published in 1900 his "Sources and Literature of English History from the Earliest Times to about 1485," students and teachers of English history acclaimed his work with grateful appreciation and with earnest hopefulness that an equally good scholar would some time perform the same service for the modern history of England. That hope was about to be realized partially when the European catastrophe of 1914 interrupted the labors not of a single scholar, but of a group of English and American scholars, devoted to the publication of a series of similar volumes covering the period of modern English history. Professor Gross's own desire to issue a revised edition of his masterwork was interrupted by his death in 1909. Since the revision of his

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book to include the results of the last decade and a half of scholarly work was a desirable preliminary to the continuation of his idea, his colleagues in history at Harvard appointed a committee to revise and to enlarge his work. Their efforts have now produced the second edition, revised, enlarged, and entirely reset. A great tribute to the value of the first edition is found in the few alterations in plan and scope, in the fewer corrections of judgments passed on the books there listed, which were found to be necessary by the committee of scholars responsible for the new edition. The advance notices of the work in progress on the modern bibliography justify the statement that Professor Gross's volume will soon receive additional recognition of the assistance he has rendered students and scholars in the past fifteen years.

The superiority of Professor Gross's bibliography to similar guides to the study of Continental history has always lain in the inclusion of descriptions of secondary works, supplementary to critical estimates of the sources; his bibliography was far more than a mere list of titles. It is, therefore, with satisfaction that the new edition is found to contain many additional critical estimates of both sources and modern works. The admirable critical introductions to the various groups of sources have been so remodelled as to embrace the results of the last fifteen years of scholarly endeavor either in the way of new publications or of more critical use of material already known, and this without destroying the touch of the man who wrote them. In most cases the changes in the critical attitude towards sources and modern writings have been clearly indicated without a corresponding increase in the space required; and, in fact, one of the most excellent features of the new edition is the manner in which the committee has shown such alterations in judgment by the use of quotation marks and parentheses or by the insertion or omission of a qualifying adjective, whereby the results of fifteen years of study are briefly disclosed. In the treatment of Asser, for example, the edition generally accepted in 1900 is shown to have been displaced by the Stevenson edition of 1904; by the substitution of the word *older* for *other* three editions are more definitely placed; by a single cross reference eight new works, and two older works overlooked by Professor Gross, are included; the trustworthiness of the source upheld by Stevenson is affirmed by a phrase; the literature on the older controversy is omitted, but reference is made to it in the first edition of the guide. Using one more inch of space, the editors have covered nearly a dozen points of importance to the student utilizing the guide on this particular item. For the general reader of modern works in English history a similar service has been rendered by punctuation, the insertion of a single word or phrase. Dr. Gross has indeed been fortunate in his editors, Professors Emerton, Haskins, and Gay.

A few alterations in arrangement have been made, all for increased facility in use. Many of the suggestions offered here and abroad, when the first edition was published, have been incorporated. The addition of a section on Celtic philology is noteworthy. By the use of sub-numerals for new titles the numbers of the old titles have been generally retained; in a few cases the numbering has been needlessly altered. The references to publications and transactions of local societies, one of the noteworthy features of the first edition, have been amplified. The cross references have been increased, and at the same time used for compression; such omissions as have been noticed are rectified by the excellent index.

To the student, the new edition will be even more invaluable than the old. To the intelligent lay reader of English history it is recommended as no other guide to any field of history can be. To the eminent editors and their assistants what must have been very largely a work of loyalty and regard will bring further recognition of scholarly achievement.

Notes

Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" will be published next month by Harper & Brothers.

George Allen & Unwin (London) announce for early publication "Dostoievsky: His Life and Literary Activity," by Evgenii Soloviev, translated by C. J. Hogarth.

Longmans, Green & Co. will publish shortly "The Valley of Decision: A Plea for Wholeness in Thought and Life," by E. A. Burroughs.

Richard G. Badger announces the forthcoming publication in the American Dramatists Series of "Under the Eagle," by Dorothy Potter.

Included in the spring list of Henry Holt & Co. are the following volumes announced as forthcoming: "Fulfilment," by Emma Wolf; "Bernard Shaw: The Man and the Mask," by Richard Burton; "Alcohol and Society," by John Koren; "Bergson and Religion," by Lucius Hopkins Miller; "The German Spirit," by Kuno Francke.

The Macmillan Co. has announced the publication of the following volumes: "Those About Trench," by Edwin Herbert Lewis; "Roadside Glimpses of the Great War," by Arthur Sweetser; "Old-Time Gardens," by Alice Morse, and "Cam Clarke," by John H. Walsh.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have issued nine new volumes in their valuable Everyman's Library, bringing the number of volumes now published up to the formidable total of 733. One welcomes the attention paid in this series to "Young People." To the admirable selection of juvenile classics already published three new volumes have just been added. Mrs. Ewing is a writer for children who, we fear, has fallen into undeserved neglect by the present generation, and it is pleasant, therefore, to note the republication, in one volume, of the delightful "Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances" and other stories, and in another of "Jackanapes," "Daddy Darwin's Dovecot," and "The Story of a Short Life." The former volume is not illustrated; the latter has for the first two tales the original charming sketches by Randolph Caldecott. To this volume, also, Mrs. Ewing's sister, Mrs. Horatia K. F. Eden, contributes an interesting introduction. George Macdonald's graceful "Phantastes" is a relatively little known work —the first in prose that the author did—which well merits the attention that its republication in the present form will bring it. Its appeal to "Young People" may perhaps be doubted, but others will appreciate it both for its delicate symbolism and for its admirable prose style. A volume, avowedly written by its lively author not for "Young People," but "in the fear of the young person," is Balzac's "Ursule Mirouët," which here appears with an introduction by Professor Saintsbury. The present volume is a reprint of Mrs. Clara Bell's translation made for the edition of the "Comédie Humaine" edited by Professor Saintsbury. Under Fiction also we have Dickens's "Mystery of Edwin Drood" and "Master Humphrey's Clock." G. K. Chesterton writes characteristic and informing introductions to both tales, summarizing in his article on "Edwin Drood" the various solutions of the unfinished story that have been propounded.

A sense of timeliness is certainly displayed by the publishers in issuing William Penn's "Essay Towards the Present and Future Peace of Europe." "I have undertaken," begins Penn, in his allocution to the reader, "a subject that I am very sensible requires one of more sufficiency than I am master of to treat it as, in truth, it deserves and the groaning state of Europe calls for." Penn's "Imperial Parliament," in one form or another, is still a dream of idealists, but not all the heirs of Penn's ideas have been equally fortunate in inheriting his modesty in advancing them. "Some Fruits of Solitude," "Advice to His Children," and other essays are also included in this volume, the introduction to which is furnished by Joseph Besse. A second volume under the heading Essays and Belles Lettres is Cardinal Newman's discourses "On the Scope and Nature of University Education." In the printing of this old 10-point Caslon type, set by hand, has been used, with results that are most unfortunate. This type is, of course, small, and here letters are frequently broken and the impression on every page is blurred. Except for eyes of exceptional strength any extended reading of these pages, especially by artificial light, would be quite impossible. It is regrettable that so admirable a series as Everyman's should be marred by a volume of this slovenly character; whatever gain in economy there may have been is certainly more than offset by the loss in reputation. The introduction, printed of course in new and legible type, is furnished by Wilfrid Ward. The two remaining volumes are three of Ibsen's comedies, "Lady Inger of Ostraat," "Love's Comedy," and "The League of Youth" (introduction by R. Farquharson Sharp), and Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle's, Life of the first Duke, as well as her "Memoirs" and "Social Letters." The editor of the series, Mr. Ernest Rhys, contributes to this volume an admirable introduction.

Why the Boers did not revolt *en masse* at

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the outbreak of the Great War must puzzle all who believe that men act habitually from low motives of self-interest. Only thirteen years before, they were fighting the British; Britain's extremity was South Africa's opportunity; and it was not clear then (as it is not clear now) that Britain was destined to win. But the two recently conquered states elected to cast in their lot with the Empire, which may be on the road to ruin. There was, in truth, a revolt, but not of the whole people; and it was put down, not by British arms, but by the Boers themselves. It was a cruel necessity, this little civil war, but it was prosecuted with unwavering determination by the loyal Boers under the leadership of their fighting Premier, Botha, to a successful issue. Some little light is thrown on the mystery by P. J. Sampson in his "Capture of De Wet" (Longmans; $3 net). It is rather a hasty journalistic performance, and not altogether commendable in tone. Its merit is to furnish data upon which the student of history can form a judgment. Botha's influence as head of the Government was paramount, and he never wavered in his allegiance. In moving a resolution supporting Great Britain, in the Parliament of South Africa, he gave a plain man's plain reason for keeping his plighted word. He held that "They to-day formed part of the British Empire; they were an ally of the British Empire; and, that Empire being involved in war, South Africa was, *ipso facto*, also involved in war with the common enemy. . . . There were only two possibilities. The one possibility was of faith, duty, and honor. [Applause.] The other was dishonor and disloyalty." Mr. Sampson is within the mark in calling this speech "as remarkable as anything the war has produced in the shape of support to the British cause."

Botha was strongly seconded by the official action of the Dutch Reformed Church. In a vigorous pastoral letter, the leaders denounced the prospective revolt as "a faithless breach of the treaty signed at Vereeniging and a positive sin against God." The statement is important, for the Dutch of South Africa do not hesitate to call themselves "a Christian people." Rebels and loyalists alike claimed the sanction of religion for their actions. Some predikants encouraged the rebels. Delarey was a prophet who saw visions and uttered dark sayings which came to pass. He exercised a great influence over his compatriots, and his accidental death, while treason was in the egg, was a sore blow to the insurgent cause. Light on this tragic clash of the old allegiance with the new is also furnished by the portraits of the chief actors in it. Delarey, bald and black-bearded, has the eyes of the mystic. A narrow hardness marks the spectacled schoolmaster face of Hertzog. De Wet's is not unlike the face of John Brown of Ossawatomie, the strong, humorless face of the fighting fanatic. The reason this famous guerrilla leader alleged for his rebellion was the "tyranny" of a British magistrate who fined him five shillings for "beating a native boy . . . with a small shepherd's whip." The portrait of "Japie" Fourie awakens pity for his fate. It shows a vital, well-balanced, rather handsome face; the bunch of flowers at his button-hole bespeaks a natural refinement. Apparently he was the only leader executed by sentence of court-martial. No vindictiveness marred Botha's triumph. A great principle had been asserted. There had been little bloodshed; and the punishments meted out to the insurgents were light. The sincere desire of the victor is to forgive and forget. After suppressing a revolt among his own people, and conquering the Germans who aided it, he has organized an expeditionary force for service overseas on the side of Britain and her allies. Such was Louis Botha's conception of what he was required to do in a crisis by "faith, duty, and honor."

The most daring venture in the new issues of the Loeb Classical Library (Macmillan) is the use of Adlington's sixteenth-century version of "The Golden Ass" of Apuleius and Melmoth's eighteenth-century version of Pliny's Letters, the latter in two volumes. In both cases the exuberance of the early translators has undergone some trimming, and, particularly in the case of Adlington, their occasional misunderstanding of the original has been corrected. For Apuleius this dangerous task has been performed by S. Gaselee, of Magdalene College, Cambridge; for Pliny by W. M. L. Hutchinson. We are not so certain about the propriety of this plan in the former case, our hesitation being due not to any clumsiness on the part of Mr. Gaselee, but to the inherent difficulty of patching a modern style on an Elizabethan original; we feel also that a certain deference is due to the age of the work. The case of the Pliny, we admit, is different. Those who wish to use Mr. Loeb's benefaction for the strict, and possibly nefarious, purposes of a crib will rebel against Melmoth's free and somewhat diffuse manner, even after he has suffered slight castigation at the hands of the modern editor. But this reviewer, at least, must avow his satisfaction in the result of the coöperation. He has read over a good many of the Letters in the present edition, and has found his progress most pleasantly impeded by the constant desire to see just how Melmoth would English a neat phrase of Pliny's or some delicately balanced sentence. He agrees with Mr. Hutchinson that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to get a modern translation with the same flavor. We note that Professor Capps's name appears in the Pliny for the first time as one of the general editors.

One of the new Greek volumes is a Pindar, edited and translated by Sir John Sandys, an excellent piece of work. Comparison of a number of passages inclines us to think that the new version holds its own very well with that by Ernest Myers, which, despite its celebrity, has always seemed to us somewhat overflorid in style. Another volume, containing Hesiod, the Homeric Hymns, and Homerica, is from the hand of Hugh G. Evelyn-White; and a third volume continues A. M. Harmon's masterly rendering of Lucian. As for the mechanical make-up of these books, it is apparent that an effort has been made to provide better paper and procure more intelligent printing than have been the lot of previous issues. But the Hesiod and the Pindar still leave room for improvement. There is no doubt a convenience in having Pindar, for instance, in a single volume, and the paper in this case is fairly opaque, but the type on many pages certainly suffers from undue crowding. And we wish that for both the Greek and the Latin texts a type with more body could be chosen.

Amelia E. Barr's "Three Score and Ten" (Appleton; $1.50) is a book by the aged, for the aged, and as such should be approached with respect. It contains cheering counsel for life's declining days, an extraordinary assortment of information upon topics ranging from bread-baking to astrology, and a plentiful sprinkling of devotional stanzas. Occasionally some occult subject is broached, but the author discreetly avoids committing herself to any conclusions regarding the supernatural except those based upon the evidence of Holy Writ. Her reflections are not lacking in humor, though a good deal of it is unconscious, as for instance her delightful condescensions to masculine old age. "The Fifth Avenue Hotel in its late days had a great many old guests, both men and women, but the number of old men seemed excessive. . . . The old women blended with the usual company in the parlor, and never seemed out of place. The old men were always in isolated tolerance. . . . It was for the lonely old bachelors, slipping unobtrusively about the house, that I felt sorry. . . . It is children that keep the world young, and even the old from aging. . . . The bachelor has put himself out of this zone of merciful amelioration. . . . It is the old bachelors, the wifeless, childless, and generally friendless old bachelors, that need the kind word, the little attentions, the half-hour's complimentary conversation." Among innumerable quotations we are indebted to the author for several pages selected from the covenanters' Scotch version of the Psalms in which the verse that gives this volume its title takes this wording: "The days of our years are seventy years of them, or with much strength eighty years they may go, but a weary wrastle all the time of it. In a gliff, it goes by, and we flichter hame."

Novgorod, the leading city-state of mediæval Russia, with its republican independence and activity in trade, was an important factor in Russian history, controlling at this period an enormous empire, which extended eastward as far as the Urals. It is an excellent example of the process of Russian expansion over the great plain of eastern Europe; and further, at Novgorod we find the main point of contact between the Slavs and Germans, for the city had extensive trade relations and also frequent conflicts with the Hanseatic League and there were constant wars with the Nemtsy (Germans)—the Teutonic Order. "The Chronicle of Novgorod (1016-1471)" (translated from the Russian by Robert Mitchell and Nevill Forbes, and published as the Camden Third Series, Vol. XXV, at the offices of the Camden Society, in London) is one of our most important sources on early Russian history, though it is more local and less general than that of Kiev, the so-called "Chronicle of Nestor," of which we have a French translation by Louis Leger. The Chronicle is the work of churchmen dealing very largely with church matters. But the monkish chronicler also noted the main facts of current interest, and his accounts throw much light on political and economic conditions. This excellent translation, directed by Mr. Forbes, who is continuing the work of Morfill in Russian studies at the University of Oxford, makes accessible to Western readers this valuable historical document. An account of the text is given by the leading Russian authority on this subject, Professor Shakhmatov. The introduction, explaining the place of Novgorod in Russian history, is written by Professor Beezley, of the University of Birmingham.

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Prof. Paul Vinogradoff's "The Russian Problem" (Doran: 75 cents) is a small volume containing two articles previously published, the one in the Oxford Pamphlets, the other in the *Yale Review*. Though written in a measure to allay the doubts current, especially in England, with regard to Russia, these pages give an authoritative statement of the Russian Liberal's aspirations and also an accurate estimate of what has been accomplished towards their realization. Professor Vinogradoff can speak with authority. He has been a leader of Russian Liberal thought for many years. His very activity in this field forced him to continue his academic career in a foreign land, where he has followed the politics of his native country from a more detached position. He has not, however, written about them, though his English friends urged him to present to the doubting English public the constructive side of recent Russian development. He wished to see the Russia in which he believed nearer to the moment of ultimate triumph before discussing Russian politics for a Western public. He writes now because he finds a new Russia emerging. "It is our firm conviction that the sad tale of reaction and oppression is at an end in Russia," he writes; the many changes in the internal situation in Russia since these words were written bear out his prophesy. He recognizes that it is not "likely that the walls of Jericho will fall at one blast of the trumpets. . . . The traditions of bureaucracy are certainly not promising." He is, however, convinced that "the problem of gradual sanitation is not insoluble." Those alarmed by the continuance of old methods should bear this in mind, and should not see the whole in what is only a part. If they wish to know the constructive side of Russian political development, the brief but concise summary given here does justice to what has been accomplished, while recognizing, as the title indicates, what still remains to be done.

"The Constitutional Doctrines of Justice Harlan" (Baltimore: the Johns Hopkins Press) have been studied with care by Floyd Barzilia Clark and are presented in an interesting manner. While the author is a hearty admirer of Justice Harlan, and, as a rule, champions the dissenting opinions of that great judge as against the rulings of the Supreme Court, he is not a blind partisan. He seems fully conscious of the fact that his hero had defects of temper and limitations of judgment which fitted him rather for the rôle of judicial dissenter than of judicial leader. He rarely quotes those portions of Justice Harlan's opinions which have given great aid and comfort to the harsh critics of the Supreme Court—passages which are at once uncomplimentary to his colleagues and Cassandra voices of impending disaster to our constitutional system. Professor Clark is careful to assure the reader that even when he accepts Justice Harlan's arguments and finds unconvincing the reasoning of the court, he is criticising "only the weaker points of a few decisions of that great tribunal." Professor Clark divides the opinions of Justice Harlan on constitutional law into eight classes, which he designates as Suability of States; Impairment of the Obligation of Contracts; Due Process of Law; Interstate and Foreign Commerce; Equal Protection of the Laws; Jurisdiction of Courts; Miscellaneous Topics and Judicial Legislation. Under each head, he discusses the pertinent cases, contrasts the arguments of the court and of the dissenting judges, and states in conclusion his own opinion of the soundness of each. Probably most students of constitutional law will find the chapters on Due Process of Law and Equal Protection of the Laws especially instructive, but the discussion of each topic is interesting and valuable.

Six hundred and thirty-one pages of the old Baconian rubbish in its most extravagant form! This is what Mr. James Phinney Baxter has to offer us in "The Greatest of Literary Problems: The Authorship of the Shakespeare Works" (Houghton Mifflin; $5 net). For the author, Ignatius Donnelly, Mrs. Gallup, *et id omne genus* are the only expounders of the true Shakespearean doctrine. Accordingly for him, too, Bacon reveals himself in acrostics, *e. g.*, in "Lucrece," as the author of the works which we have been wont to ascribe to the Stratford actor; the plays are "saturated with Rosicrucian thought"; Baconian ciphers and "thumbmarks" abound everywhere in the "Shakespearean" writings. But "Shakespeare" was only one of Bacon's masks. "Spenser," "Greene," "Marlowe," and even "Robert Burton" were others. Consequently the "Faerie Queene," the plays associated with the names of Greene and Marlowe, the "Anatomy of Melancholy" were also really the productions of the great lawyer and statesman. It is charitable, however, not to lengthen this list of some of the extravagances which the volume contains. A work of this kind may command the serious interest of the mental pathologist, but not of the literary critic or historian of literature.

"The counterfeiting of a fact or of an experience was a thing unthinkable with John Muir," says the writer of the preface to this record of Muir's "Travels in Alaska" (Houghton Mifflin; $2.50 net). Nor does this absolute sincerity need external vouchers. It is woven into the fibre of every paragraph of this volume, as of every other that Muir ever wrote. His love for the phases of nature to the study of which his life was given was too intense to allow any degree of physical labor or discomfort to hinder him from seeing all that was to be seen, and what he saw he wrote. He had been studying the Sierra Nevada of California and the ranges of the Great Basin for eleven years, with particular interest in the deeply sculptured records of ancient glacial action, when he made his first trip Northward, in 1879, to examine the glacial regions of Puget Sound and Alaska. The present volume records the experiences of that trip, a second trip in 1880, and a portion of a third trip ten years later. Copious notes had of course been made from day to day at the time, accompanied by sketches, but the preparation of the manuscript for publication was not taken up until after his return from the African journey, in 1912. His active participation in the fight for the preservation of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley intervened, and death ended his labors when the middle point of the 1890 voyage had been reached. But right up to that point we have John Muir in the full ripeness of his powers, and his readers will find a peculiar fitness in the fact that the story ends with an account of an all-night vigil with a magnificent display of the Aurora Borealis, Muir wrapped in his blankets, lying outside his tent on a glacial moraine, gazing upward until break of day, "that none of the sky wonders of the glorious night within reach of my eyes might be lost."

The material of the first two voyages has been pretty thoroughly wrought over, as Muir had of course been constantly gathering and studying Alaskan material ever since the original notes were made; the forty-five pages given to the trip of 1890 remain substantially in the form of the diary kept at the time. Every chapter gives fine examples of Muir's convincing genius for description, which never stumbles into the pitfall of verbal exaggeration, so fatal to many nature writers. He was of course above all else a student of glacial action, but he was at the same time gifted with an intelligent interest in any fact of nature which came under his observation, and a man of unlimited human sympathies as well. One can hardly imagine an intelligent reader with mind shunted into so narrow a channel as to find this volume wholly foreign to his range of interest. We learn from the preface that the material in the hands of his daughter may comprise still more in shape for publication.

The initial volume of Ovid, in the Oxford Classical Texts (Clarendon Press; 3s.), by Mr. S. G. Owen, of Christ College, who has also done Persius and Juvenal in the same series, contains the poems written in exile—"Tristia," "Ibis," "Epistulæ ex Ponto," and "Halieutica"—with the not very numerous Fragments. To a brief but comprehensive introductory account of the manuscript tradition is added some notice of recent periodical literature; as a whole, the preface may be recommended as a convenient introduction—and something more—for readers of Ovid seeking an acquaintance with these matters. The carefully conservative text is supported by a rather more than usually full and suggestive apparatus. Mr. Owen has done well to insert in full Pliny's detailed notice of the "Halieutica"; the genuineness of which, by the way, he agrees with most recent critics in maintaining. The concluding *index nominum* is to be commended for its inclusion of indirect references as well as of express mentions—a feature especially serviceable in the case of so allusive an author.

John J. Stevenson, emeritus professor of geology, New York University, having by retirement a few years ago "regained the 'leisure' which belonged to college professors a generation ago," undertook a study of the "Formation of Coal Beds" which now appears in a book of 530 pages, after having been published in three volumes, 1911-13, of the "Proceedings" of the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. Two chief theories are discussed: one conceives that coal beds are composed of vegetable matter that grew elsewhere and was brought by some agency, such as river floods, to the basin in which the coal bed was deposited; the other conceives that the plants which yielded the coal-forming matter grew where the coal is found. The result of a close examination into the action of floods and other transporting agencies demonstrates to the satisfaction of the author the impossibility of the first theory, because in no cases are transporting agencies now discovered which can sweep away large quantities of vegetable matter, such as whole peat bogs or extensive forests; such vegetable formations are removed only piecemeal, and the agency that then carries them carries also so large

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a quantity of inorganic matter that the resulting deposit cannot produce coal.

The history of "Roman Cursive Writing," a matter to which little attention has heretofore been paid, is traced by Dr. H. B. Van Hoesen (Princeton University Press; $2). Dr. Van Hoesen considers the development of Roman Cursive from its beginning to the middle of the seventh century; at that point, because of the rise of the national hands, a single comprehensive name is no longer possible. It is his purpose to show, in the first place, that, with the materials now available, we are able to see that the development of cursive writing was gradual and continuous and that there is no longer need of the various terms that have been invented to describe what were believed to be distinct periods in the history of cursive writing. The first part of this contention is undoubtedly correct, but convenience still calls for some classifications. In the second place, Dr. Van Hoesen plans to present all the evidence available from the whole body of Roman Cursive documents. To this end, he discusses first the script of the Pompeian graffiti and wax tablets, the cursive of lead tablets, and the Dacian and Egyptian wax tablets. These are treated separately as they ought to be. The letters and ligatures of each class of documents are described, and there is some discussion of the general relations between the writing on such materials and the script of the papyri. The development appears to be nearly the same in both cases. Then follow full details concerning the ostraka and papyri. These are arranged chronologically. Under each document are given the time and place of publication, a list of the ligatures, and a description of the forms of the individual letters. Numerous plates illustrate these forms and afford ample criteria to apply to undated documents in cursive writing. It is a pity that, doubtless from considerations of convenience, the plates are made up from drawings and not photographs. The results of Dr. Van Hoesen's minute studies are embraced in a Summary History of the Roman Cursive Alphabet, which presents conveniently the successive variations of every letter. This is the most valuable part of the book. A short chapter is devoted to the abbreviations found in Latin papyri; examples of the first four centuries show abbreviation only by suspension or a sign, abbreviations by contraction and syllabic suspension beginning in the fifth century. The ligatures do not receive separate treatment, and Dr. Van Hoesen has, perhaps wisely, refrained from any striking generalizations.

The remarkable development of railways in Africa during the last fifty years is fully described by Sir Charles Metcalfe in the *Geographical Journal* for January. The principal facts in regard to every railway on the continent are given, and one is impressed with the extraordinary rapidity with which the nearly 20,000 miles have been constructed. An admirable map shows with great distinctness the roads which are in operation and those which are projected. The late Sir Clements R. Markham pays an appreciative tribute to the work in Arctic exploration of Sir Allen Young, who was one of the last searchers for Franklin. Sir Alfred Sharpe describes a journey in a little-known region of East Africa, during which a violent volcanic eruption took place. The lava flowed into the Lake Kivu in such torrents as to fill a large part of it with boiling water.

The origin and geographical distribution of the fresh-water fauna of North America is the subject of a comprehensive article, by M. L. Germain, in the *Annales de Géographie* for November. He shows from the researches of numerous scientists that, while formerly there was great diversity in these fauna, now, mainly through human influences, a homogeneity prevails throughout the whole continent. An interesting account taken from a work by Mr. J. Cvijic, of Belgrade, is given of some of the Slavs of the Balkan Peninsula. Of the Montenegrins, he says: "There is no people in the world—men and women and the women even more than the men—who have more individual or collective virtue, more national zeal, more desire to win, for their descendants, a great future." There has also been published by the Librairie Armand Colin the very valuable Geographical Bibliography for the years 1913-1914. The editor, M. Louis Raveneau, has had the assistance of sixty-two scientific authorities who have contributed explanatory notes to the 1,772 entries. These include not only geographical works in the principal languages, but also noteworthy contributions to scientific, and especially governmental, publications. Next to France the United States occupies the largest space, 13 pages being devoted to the publications of our national departments. The index contains over 4,000 names of persons or works referred to.

Drama

"THE EARTH."

In selecting for her repertory company at the Playhouse Mr. James Fagan's "The Earth," Miss Grace George was not so fortunate as in her choice of the three preceding numbers. Although this play had a successful run in London, it contains the sort of material of which we in this country have already had much. It presents in a not very convincing way some of the arguments against the tyranny of capital, in this case of a powerful newspaper proprietor, modelled vaguely, no doubt, on Lord Northcliffe. Sir Felix, the owner of the *Earth* and a chain of other dailies, has as a guest at his country home a member of the Cabinet who is trying to put through the Wages bill, a measure reflecting the ante-bellum activity of Lloyd George. Sir Felix, though ostensibly a champion of the common people, sees in the bill a grave menace to his own property, and we have the usual tiresome debate as to its merits. The attempt at realism is made by means of the customary devices to picture mechanical enterprise. By the agency of a telephone we are kept in touch with the workings of the modern newspaper office, and are made to see the ingenious campaign against legislation which a powerful press is able to devise. For the moment the inner incongruities of the piece are lost sight of because of technicalities. The incongruities are not so much those of actual situation as in the workings of character. To take an obvious detail, no headliner, even though an Oxford graduate, could be so hopelessly insensitive to news value as the one here represented and still retain his position. He is so portrayed for the palpable reason of setting off by contrast the particular genius of his employer.

This question of realism is worth dwelling on because the special brand existing in "The Earth" is typical of any number of recent plays. Genuine realism depends upon treatment much more than upon substance. To appreciate this one has merely to remember how indifferent Shakespeare was to the material which formed his sources. Young dramatists might do well to remember that, if

> Stone walls do not a prison make
> Nor iron bars a cage,

no more do telephones and the paraphernalia of an office automatically create realism on the stage.

As "The Earth" proceeds the need of sound character-drawing is increasingly felt, for there is a strong emotional situation which results from the discovery by Sir Felix of an illicit love existing between the Cabinet member and a Lady Kitty, one of the guests at the house party. By means of this lever it looks for a time as though Sir Felix will be able to crush the Wages bill. In the end, of course, Lady Kitty confronts the proprietor, and saves the bill by asserting her willingness to undergo popular denunciation in case he is determined to make the scandal public.

That the play itself is not up to the standard of its predecessors, was made sufficiently evident by the acting, which showed little distinction. Louis Calvert, as Sir Felix, struck the expected note of brusqueness and hard-headedness, but there was no more variety in his representation than in the lines themselves. Here was a chance for a sound and talented actor to lift the play above itself by the insinuation of personality. As Lady Kitty, Miss George was sweet and attractive, not least because of the slight brogue which the part requires. Conway Tearle gave an exhibition of stalwart manhood as the Cabinet member, yet here too the rôle became a trifle monotonous. F.

"ANY HOUSE."

An exceptionally strong cast, which included such capable actors as Edwin Arden, William Mack, Frank Gillmore, and Milton Sills, failed to save from well-merited oblivion a worthless piece of clap-trap produced last week at the Cort Theatre, and withdrawn at the end of the week. We mention this production after its withdrawal only in order to emphasize the warning of its failure: that the inspiration of the "movies" is not healthy for legitimate drama. The theme of "Any House" was entirely unoriginal: a harsh father objecting to his daughters marrying the men they love. To this ancient foundation were superadded two additional structures, both equally unoriginal: big business, with echoes of the New Haven affair, and the idea of the "better self," familiarized by a succession of plays, from "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" to "Overtones." It was reserved for the "movies" to furnish the "something new" deemed essential for a *succès d'estime* on Broadway. Accordingly, the drop which one saw as one entered the theatre, and which was again lowered between the acts, represented the exterior of some houses, so that, *more motuum,* one could actually realize that people walked along a street and rang a bell or opened the door with a latchkey before entering the house in which, the drop having been raised, the real action of the scenes commenced. This vicious attempt at photographic realism led easily to another vice, the introduction, for purposes

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of comic relief, of two characters who were without the slightest bearing on the action of the play. New York displays excellent sense in preferring to pay a dime to see a real "movie" play rather than two dollars to see a spurious one. S. W.

"THE MELODY OF YOUTH."

Love may be the melody of youth, but it is the melody of old age, too, and to the extent that it deals with youth alone the title of Mr. Brandon Tynan's play is misleading. The piece, which opened at the Fulton Theatre last week, is an inconsequential romantic Irish comedy. That it has a certain charm cannot be denied, and it may find favor with women, and so possibly gain no little popularity. It is well staged and in the main well acted. The action is supposed to occur in 1830, and the story is that of a girl who becomes fascinated with a married nobleman, only to fall in love with her youthful guardian, who is studying for the priesthood. The treatment is conventional, for the nobleman puts aside his wife to win this girl, and the guardian foregoes the priesthood after having won her. Mr. Tynan appeared as the divinity student, and played with feeling. Miss Lily Cahill was less successful as his ward. The honors easily went to Florine Arnold, who filled well a generous rôle. James O'Neill appeared as a blind man, but for the first week only. Others were Eve Le Gallienne, Mary Leslie Mayo, Maggie Holloway Fisher, Charles McCarthy, William Harrigan, William J. Kelly, and George Giddens. H. L.

THE WINTER GARDEN.

That familiar character, the tired business man, is undoubtedly an overworked person, but there is no doubt that he exists as a theatrical problem, and that being so, it is an excellent thing that there should be one house which caters exclusively to his non-intellectual needs. Indeed, an ideal arrangement would be to concentrate all the tired business men in a few theatres of any large city, leaving the other houses free to pursue their dramatic course untroubled by thought of concession to the weary ones. If this ideal is unattainable, at least the Winter Garden, in its reviews, renders definite service to the community. Its shows are uniformly excellent as spectacles, magnificently mounted and gayly caparisoned. Their humor is not subtle, but subtlety is the last thing looked for by the audience to which they cater. The present production, "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," in externals is fully up to the usual high standard, and the comicalness of Al. Jolson, whose personality is hard to resist, as Man Friday, brings up the general level of the humor considerably above the average. The presence of a large and attractive chorus on a desert island is easily accounted for by the fact that a wealthy gentleman of Long Island simply dreams that he is Robinson Crusoe—and in dreams almost anything may happen, including various parts of a desert island, a haunted forest, the deck and cabin of a pirate ship, and an Oriental seraglio, in addition, of course, to a Winter Garden chorus and a formidable array of principals who dance, sing, and otherwise disport themselves in acceptable manner. It is to be added that the present show is always gay and occasionally funny, without lapsing into vulgarity.

S. W.

Music

GERALDINE FARRAR AND LISZT.

The return of Geraldine Farrar to the Metropolitan Opera House and the revival by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall of the first of Liszt's symphonic poems were the most interesting of recent musical happenings. In Miss Farrar's absence reliance was placed on the Spanish prima donna, Lucrezia Bori, who is surprisingly like Miss Farrar in some ways, and who was expected to take her place in such parts as Madama Butterfly and Tosca. Unfortunately, Miss Bori made a mistake; she submitted last summer to an operation on the throat, in consequence of which she is not able to sing this season. The result has been a shortage of sopranos (Mme. Gadski also having joined the company late), which repeatedly embarrassed the management. As for Miss Farrar, she did not miss the opera as much as the opera missed her; she went on a profitable concert tour under the management of Charles A. Ellis, who takes care also of Melba, Paderewski, Kreisler, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra; and, before starting on that, she spent some weeks, more profitably still, at Los Angeles, posing for the Carmen "movies," concerning which so much has been said in the newspapers.

In those moving pictures she did startling things—so startling that some of the films had to be cut out. When she reappeared as Carmen at the Metropolitan last week everybody wondered whether her cinematographic exaggerations would be transferred to the operatic stage. To some extent they were. Last year, when she appeared as Carmen for the first time, she followed most of the traditions. This year she has departed from many of them, not to her advantage or that of the opera. In Prosper Mérimée's story on which the opera is based he does indeed say that Carmen's eyes had "une expression à la fois voluptueuse et farouche"; but even if we translate "farouche" by "fierce" instead of simply "wild," and even though she does, both in the story and in the libretto, wound one of the other cigarette girls in the Seville factory, there is nothing in either story or libretto to suggest or excuse the extreme ferocity with which Miss Farrar's latest version is invested—a ferocity which reaches its climax in the seizing of a chorus girl, throwing her on the floor, and thumping and throttling her. How much more charming was the method of Emma Calvé, who emphasized the girlish, coquettish side of the wayward gypsy girl. That Miss Farrar could do the same thing, in her own way, she has proved most convincingly by her fascinatingly light and amusing presentation of such parts as Cherubino in Mozart's "Figaro," or, still more so, her archly piquant Zerlina in "Don Giovanni," which aroused tremendous enthusiasm in Europe as well as here, and concerning which it is related that when Saint-Saëns saw it in Salzburg he almost fell out of his box in his eagerness to applaud the American prima donna.

It must not be inferred from these strictures that Miss Farrar's Carmen is not interesting. She is one of those operatic artists who change their impersonation from performance to performance. Possibly, at her later appearances all traces of the cinema will have disappeared. In some respects she has improved on last year, notably so in the scene where she reads her tragic fate in the cards. Her voice has gained in fulness and spontaneity, and in the lower tones one was pleased to hear the viola quality so desirable in this part. It is consoling, in view of the fact that she is the best vocalist-actress now on the stage, to know that in her Tosca, which preceded her Carmen by a few days, there was no trace of the cinema. It was an impassioned artistic impersonation, worthy of a pupil of both Lilli Lehmann and Sara Bernhardt.

When Miss Farrar, while still in her teens, first sang at the Royal Opera in Berlin, she was allowed by the Kaiser (who was—or pretended to be—at that time very partial to everything American) to do things in her own way to a degree which displeased the conductors, including Dr. Muck. Since then, Farrar and Muck have become good friends, and only a week or two ago she sang in Boston at a concert of that city's famous orchestra. Yet Dr. Muck, like most orchestral conductors, prefers concerts without soloists. In Carnegie Hall, last week, he had none either on Thursday or Saturday, yet his audiences were happy. His Saturday programme included "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne." Saint-Saëns considers this the best of Liszt symphonic poems, and wonders why it is not often seen on programmes. To most of those who heard it in Carnegie Hall it was a novelty. Its first performance in New York was in 1869. Philharmonic audiences must have been queer in those days to judge by what the correspondent of Dwight's *Journal of Music* wrote concerning this occasion:

> The Liszt nondescript was humanely put at the end of the programme, and was of course heard by comparatively few people. The "poem" possesses all of Liszt's defects and none, or nearly none, of his few excellences; it is the very essence of turgidity, and is thoroughly chaotic in form, or in the *lack* of form. . . . The audience was an immense one, and was downstairs a decorous one; in the third gallery, however, the talking, laughing, flirting, and boorish rudeness were simply disgraceful. I regret to say that upon the fair sex rests the responsibility of three-fourths of this absolutely "hoggish" behavior.

Philharmonic audiences have changed since those days, even in the "third gallery"; they behave better and have learned to listen to Liszt's inspired works and to applaud them more enthusiastically, perhaps, than any others, except Wagner's, thanks largely to their admirable interpretation under Josef Stransky. Like him, Dr. Muck is a Liszt enthusiast. Last year he conducted four per-

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formances of Liszt's "Faust" symphony which were acknowledged to be the climax of the season in Boston. This year he poured oil on the flames by his revival of "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne," and its cordial reception led him to bring it to New York, where it was sure to meet with the same favor; for, thanks to Seidl and Stransky, New York has been ahead of Boston in learning to appreciate the genius of Liszt, whom Wagner (who learned and borrowed much from him) called "the greatest musician of all time."

Liszt's "Mountain Symphony," as they call it in Germany, is based on a poem by Victor Hugo in which the glories of nature are contrasted with the discords and sorrows of humanity. To these two poetic motives, so well adapted for musical treatment, Liszt adds a third—Faith, or the consolations of religion. These three are interwoven with wonderful art, which reaches its climax in a choral-like passage for the brass choir. On the whole, while one may not agree with Saint-Saëns that this is the greatest of Liszt's symphonic poems (it is certainly inferior to "Tasso"), one can understand how Wagner could derive "ecstatic delight" from hearing it.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Art

The great interest taken in the lives of the early settlers in this country is indicated by the numerous volumes relating to "Old Colonial" houses that have been published during the last decade, among the best of which is Mary H. Northend's "Remodelled Farmhouses" (Little, Brown; $5 net). The book, as its title suggests, deals with the simpler type of houses, too frequently neglected in favor of the more pretentious "mansions," which often lack a certain subtle charm found in the less pretentious old homes. The various houses considered are attractively described, and the book is fully and well illustrated by numerous photographic plates.

A certain result of the war will be a vast amount of memorial monuments. Feeling that this may be either an advantage or the contrary for art, Lawrence Weaver has compiled a thick volume containing some 200 memorials, old and new, chosen for their artistic excellence. "Monuments and Memorials" is published by London *Country Life* (Scribners; $5 net), so British examples naturally predominate. Mr. Weaver gives his ideas, which are guided by a sober and well-informed taste, on all manner of monumental tombs, brasses, tablets, and the like. There is special discussion of the problem of design as regards heraldry, lettering, etc. Even in a country where the book has not a mournful timeliness, it should prove valuable to architects and decorative designers.

For a fastidious lover of Rome it would be hard to imagine a safer gift than Mrs. Charles MacVeagh's "Fountains of Papal Rome" (Scribner; $2.50). For twenty-one of the major fountains she has collected the antiquarian evidence, sorting it agreeably. She describes the place where the fountain dominates, not omitting the personal and historical associations that gather round it. The text is greatly aided by the wood blocks of Rudolf Ruzicka, a talented young follower of Auguste Lepère. These are often of small scale, and naturally not to be used for minute detail, but they are far more successful in evoking a picturesque sense of place than any photograph can be. They also accord decoratively with the sober and distinguished letter-press. It is the most satisfactory pictured book that has recently come to our table. Good taste is expressed in the scholarship, literary manner, and actual make of the volume. Each chapter may be regarded as a well-filled half-hour of serenity saved from the prevailing stridency.

Art and Archæology, the monthly periodical founded two years ago by the Archæological Institute of America to provide for the publication of less technical material than befits the purpose of the *American Journal of Archæology*, begins its third volume in enlarged form and in decidedly improved artistic dress. Among the topics discussed in the January number are "Classical Architecture at the Panama-Pacific Exposition," by H. Rushton Fairclough; "Bartlett's Sculptures for the New York Public Library," by Dr. Mitchell Carroll, and "The Myth of Cupid and Psyche in Ancient Art," by Elizabeth Hazleton Haight, of Vassar College. The magazine is secured financially at present by a large board of guarantors, but, with the character of its contributions and the elegance of its makeup, it is not likely long to need any such guarantee. "Philosophic in attitude, literary in expression, æsthetic in form," is the standard which the editors have set for themselves. The historic "Octagon" building, in Washington, is the place of publication.

Dr. J. Charles Cox, in a volume of modest size, "The English Parish Church: An Account of the Chief Building Types and of Their Materials During Nine Centuries" (Scribner), has treated with remarkable fulness, considering his limitations of space, a subject which, for most Americans at least, has been quite overshadowed by the great cathedrals and abbeys of England. With a few of the larger parish churches—St. Botolph's at Boston, St. Mary Redcliffe at Bristol, and, of course, Trinity at Stratford-on-Avon, travelled Americans are more or less acquainted; the cultivated Englishman knows, of course, a much greater number; but to both peoples this interesting book cannot fail to bring much that is new in its revelation of the remarkable variety of charm in the parish churches of England. It is an analytical and historical study of the design and development and character of types of building which the author considers "England's finest and most characteristic contribution to mediæval art"; he has "little or no doubt that England stands first in all Christendom in the number and antiquity of her churches." Both these statements are, of course, open to challenge, but they indicate an enthusiastic appreciation which, without running to extremes, lends a certain vivacity to the author's treatment of his subject. The parish church and its surroundings, its uses and relations to the life of the community, the evolution of its plan, section, and varied types, the sequence of styles in its development, the materials of its construction, are studied and discussed with a rare combination of scholarship, artistic discrimination, and breadth of judgment. Dr. Cox's scholarship corrects Parker and others who assign important "Decorated" works to 1350 or thereabout—a period when the Black Death paralyzed all architectural effort; decries the alleged symbolism of the obliquity of many chancels, and discredits the idea of artistic intention therein (*pace* Professor Goodyear); his taste is broad enough to admire good eighteenth-century neo-classic church designs and fittings, and he recognizes the nobility and the artistic excellence of the Perpendicular style at its best. The double-page plate 43 is an illuminating presentation of those successive changes of plan and construction by which many of the later churches were evolved out of early and modest beginnings, and the illustrations throughout, whether photographic prints or diagrams, plans, and drawings, are excellent. Full indexes add to the usefulness of the book for reference.

Finance

HISTORIC RESULTS OF WAR-TIME COMMERCE.

It is some weeks since the Government announced the results of this country's foreign trade in 1915—exports which surpassed those of the preceding year by the extraordinary figure of $1,433,000,000, running an even billion dollars beyond any other year of our history, and a surplus of exports over imports, $1,768,000,000, which was greater by $1,076,000,000 than the highest record of any previous calendar year. Last week, this statement was supplemented by another, showing in detail what kind of exported merchandise it was which made up these remarkable results, and what the countries were to which we sent them. In both particulars, the figures given will have a place in future histories of this European war.

Export of foodstuffs from the United States, during 1915, increased $428,000,000 over the year before, and $290,000,000 over the highest figure ever previously reached. This was a consequence of three circumstances which created a very unusual coincidence, contrasting notably with the harvest failures and consequent disastrous European famine in the early years of the Napoleonic wars. These circumstances were, first, an actual shortage in the harvests of 1914, both in Europe and such outlying grain-producing States as Australia and Argentina; next, the exceptional demand created by the German blockade of Russia, the largest European wheat-producer, and by the fears of a still more general blockade, and, finally, the harvesting in the United States, in 1914, of a wheat crop larger by 17 per cent. than the country had ever before produced, and in 1915 of an even larger crop.

But the increase of $428,000,000 in our exports of foodstuffs, during 1915, was not the main influence in expanding our outward trade of last year. Exports of manufactures increased $810,000,000 over the year before, and reached a total $606,000,000 above the largest previous figure, that of 1913. This reflects principally the enormous shipment of war material, combined with

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metals which could be used by Europe in its own production of such material. This class of exports reached their full volume only in the autumn of 1915, and are now continuing at the monthly maximum.

The part which foodstuffs and war material played in the stupendous increase of our foreign trade of 1915 had been foreshadowed during several months. Some other historic results of last year's foreign trade have been made clear only by these recent figures. A very curious fact is that our shipments of foreign merchandise, imported first and then reëxported, rose for the first time in our history above our similar exports in the Napoleonic wars. Until last year, the highest annual total of "foreign merchandise reëxported" was the $60,283,000 of 1806—a result of the huge trade with Europe in West Indian merchandise, conducted by the neutral American merchant fleet when French and English merchant ships were subject to capture by the enemy frigates.

Never afterward, between 1807 and 1914, did the total come within 60 per cent. of the Napoleonic maximum. Even in 1914 it was only $42,500,000, but last year it reached $61,464,000. It is not without interest to recall that, whereas in 1806 the foreign merchandise amounted to 50 per cent. of our total exports, in 1915 the proportion was only 1¾ per cent. Europe's purchases of our own domestic products increased surprisingly little during the war period of a century ago; the present war has had a very different story to tell in that regard.

One other aspect of these detailed trade returns is of political interest. Last year's exports to Germany and Austria decreased $158,000,000; but our exports to Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden—countries with commercial access to Germany—increased $154,800,000 over 1914, and $182,800,000 over 1913, a normal year of peace. These figures are the basis of England's effort to restrain exports to the above-named neutral countries, except when guaranteed against reëxport to Germany.

Bearing on yet another problem, our exports last year to South America were $54,300,000 greater than in 1914. They were still a million dollars under 1913, though exceeding all other years. But exports to Asia, Africa, and Australasia surpassed by $42,000,000 the largest previous yearly total. This clearly reflects the reversion to the United States of trade with neutral consuming nations, previously in the hands of Germany and England, but partly or wholly lost by them because of the European war. How much of this important trade will be retained by our country, after the war, is a most interesting economic problem. Increase in exports to those parts of the world was the one result on which financial expectation reckoned with confidence at the outbreak of the war; it was the one which, during the first twelve months of that conflict, disappointed expectations.

The hope of an immense immediate expansion in such trade was reasonable, and the hope of retaining it after the war had better grounds than some other expectations. In part, the slowness with which predictions in that regard were realized resulted from inadequate supply of ships; in part, from this country's insufficient provision for the financing of trade relations with the neutral countries. But the most important reason was undoubtedly the financial depression and check to consuming power caused in South America, Asia, Africa, and Australasia by the European panic of August, 1914, and the sudden cutting-off of the supplies of capital for which those markets had always previously relied on Europe. The export figures for the later months of 1915 indicate rapid recovery from that shock. Not the least of the economic problems which will follow the war is the question, how soon and to what extent Europe will be able to resume its old activities in these outlying markets, or whether the expansion of American trade with them will not continue at an even more rapid rate than in 1915.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Atherton, G. Mrs. Balfame. Stokes. $1.35 net.
Barcynska, Countess. The Honey Pot. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Chamberlain, G. A. John Bogardus. Century. $1.35 net.
Parrish, G. Carfrae's Comedy. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Reid, F. At the Door of the Gate. Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Singmaster, E. Emmeline. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Storer, M. L. Probation. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. $1 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Aurner, C. R. History of Education in Iowa. Vol. II. Iowa State Historical Society.
Bancroft, J. H., and Pulvermacher, W. D. Handbook of Athletic Games. Macmillan. $1.50.
Cooper, E. The Harim and the Purdah. Century. $3 net.
Drawcansir, A. The Convent Garden Journal. Vols I and II. Yale University Press. $5 net.
E., A. Imaginations and Reveries. Macmillan.
Journal of the National Institute of Social Sciences. Vol. I. No. 1. Boston Book Co.
Karpinski, L. C. Robert of Chester's Latin Translation of the Algebra of Al-Khowarizmi. Macmillan.
Perry, B. Fishing with a Worm. Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents.
Scott, W. Seventeen Years in the Underworld. Abingdon Press. 50 cents net.
Summerville, A. Why Be Fat? Stokes. 80 cents.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Dictionary of the Apostolic Church. Edited by J. Hastings. Vol. I. Aaron-Lystra. Scribner.
Patrick, G. T. W. Psychology of Relaxation. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Slattery, C. L. Why Men Pray. Macmillan. 75 cents.
Talbot, E. S. Aspects of the Church's Duty. Macmillan.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Abbott, J. F. Japanese Expansion and American Policies. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Brewer, D. C. Rights and Duties of Neutrals. Putnam. $1.25.
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Gantt, H. L. Industrial Leadership. Yale University Press. $1 net.
Heft, L. Holders of Railroad Bonds and Notes. Dutton. $2 net.
Marvin, D. E. Curiosities in Proverbs. Putnam. $1.75 net.
Munro, W. B. Principles and Methods of Municipal Administration. Macmillan.
Oldershaw, L. Analysis of Mill's Principles of Political Economy. Longmans, Green. 90 cents.
Rockefeller, J. D., jr. The Colorado Industrial Plan. Privately printed.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Bassett, J. S. The Life of Andrew Jackson. New edition. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Bishop, F. The Story of the Submarine. Century. $1 net.
Brent, C. H. A Master Builder: Life and Letters of Henry Yates Satterlee. Longmans, Green. $4 net.
Bullard, A. The Diplomacy of the Great War. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Foraker, J. B. Notes of a Busy Life. Cincinnati, O.: Stewart & Kidd Co. $5 net.
Payne, G. H. The Child in Human Progress. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Sweetser, A. Roadside Glimpses of the Great War. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Tipple, E. S. Francis Asbury. Methodist Book Concern. $1.50 net.

POETRY.

Atkins, D. Field Notes. San Francisco, Cal.: The ten Bosch Company.

SCIENCE.

Mendel, L. B. Changes in the Food Supply and Their Relation to Nutrition. Yale University Press. 50 cents net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Anspacher, L. K. The Unchastened Woman. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Masefield, J. The Tragedy of Nan, and Other Plays. Macmillan. $1.25.
Meigs, C. L. The Steadfast Princess. Macmillan. 50 cents.

ART.

Brockwell, M. W. Catalogue of the Pictures and Other Works of Art in the Collection of Lord St. Oswald at Nostell Priory. London: Constable & Co., Ltd.

TEXTBOOKS.

Allen, F. J. Business Employments. Boston: Ginn. $1 net.
Bailey, R. R. Sure Pop and the Safety Scouts. World Book Company.
Benson, O. H., and Betts, G. H. Agriculture. Bobbs-Merrill.
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Cubberley, E. P. The Portland Survey. Edited by P. H. Hanus. World Book Co.

Easy Road to Reading Series: Book of Children. Book of Animals. Book of Fun and Fancy. Book of Letters and Numbers. World Book Company.

Elmquist, A. L. Lagerlöf's En Herrgardssägen. Nyblom's Det Ringer. Lagerlöf's Nils Holgerssons Underbara Resa Genom Sverige. New York City: Albert Bonnier Pub. House.

Elmquist, A. L. Swedish Phonology. Chicago: Engberg-Holmberg Pub. Co.

Elson, H. W., and MacMullan, C. E. The Story of Our Country. Books I and II. The Story of the Old World. World Book Company.

Paget, S. Essays for Boys and Girls. Macmillan.

Pratt-Chadwick, M. L., and Freeman, G. E. The Mouse that Lost Her Tail. The Woman and Her Pig. The Cat that was Lonesome. World Book Company.

Robinson, G. W. Willibald's The Life of Saint Boniface. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

Runeburg, J. L. Fänrik Stals Sägner. Introduction by A. L. Elmquist. Rock Island, Ill.; Augustana Book Concern.

Stroebe, L. L. Deutsche Anekdoten. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) Heath. 15 cents.

Tegnér, E. Fritiofs Saga. Edited by A. A. Stromberg. Rock Island, Ill.: Augustana Book Concern.

Vickner, E. J. Swedish Grammar. Rock Island, Ill.; Augustana Book Concern.

Young, E. F., and Field, W. T. The Young and Field Literary Readers. Book One. Boston: Ginn.

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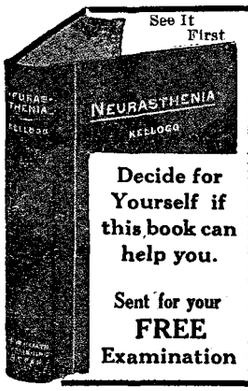

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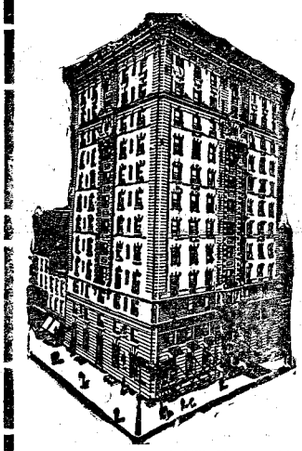

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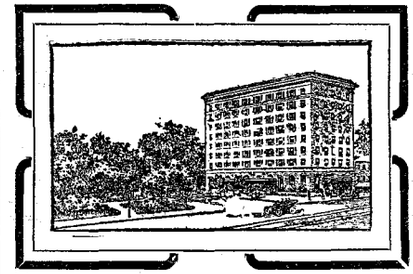

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